
MONTHLY PANORAMA.

APRIL, 1810.

MEMOIR OF LORD MANNERS.

IT is by no means easy to communicate interest to the biography of a mere man of the law, or to engage the attention of the general reader to the incidents of a life passed among books or in the courts. Upon the deeds of the soldier we attend with a feverish regard—we follow him to his tent—we enter into his feelings, and his councils—we accompany him to the field, or to the breach—we participate in his anxieties—we deplore his disasters, and we rejoice in his success. The busy and dangerous scenes which he enacts affect the imagination, and address themselves directly to the heart. With the same curiosity, with the same animated feeling, we follow the traveller through the wilds of the desert and the waves of the ocean, through the paradises of Asia, or along the inhospitable wastes of Labrador. Hope ; apprehension ; felicity and dismay—his terror in the neighbourhood of the savage, or on the eve of a storm ; his gratitude at delivery from danger, or from death—*are ours* for a moment, in a degree, it is true, softened and qualified by our security, but lively at the same time, and frequently importunate. For we place ourselves without an effort, and, as it were, instinctively, in the difficulties, or by the side of Bruce, or the subtle Ulysses, of father Æneas, or captain Cook. But this sympathy which

lends such a charm to the narratives of active life, which speaks to the sensibilities and fancy of the million, cannot be felt, or only feebly, in perusing the life of a lawyer, however gifted he may be, or of a judge, however exalted in character or in rank. Nay to the unprofessional there appears something repulsive and austere in such a biography. By an association which it is impossible to restrain, the jargon of the courts, forensic wrangling, the tricks of attorneys, ruined clients, and their innumerable deducibles, hurry in formidable disorder before the imagination, and revolt or terrify such as are not initiated in the Eleusinian Mysteries of British jurisprudence. Then there are the musty and multiplying tomes of the law—of precedents and cases and arguments and authorities, all totally unintelligible to the general reader, and, of course, totally uninteresting. Yet of these there must some outline information be acquired; the thorns, tedium and obstacles which beset the profession—the difficulties and distractions with which a lawyer must contend—the manual and mortifying labour at the desk, the mental toil which must be expended in understanding jesuitical or fictitious distinctions—the thought employed on generalising his learning, and the readiness with which he must apply his acquisitions to complicated and puzzling cases—all these must be appreciated, before we can decide on the merits, or even understand the character of a judge. No profession requires an industry so great—none a memory so tenacious, and none talents more various and discriminating. This industry must continue, not for a season, or for a year, but during the best and most vigorous period of life.—That period which the fortunate devote to pleasure, or to ambition; which nature has set apart for enjoyment or for active exertion; in which the blood is warm, and the spirits high, and the fancy sanguine; that period, which is worth all the rest of our existence, must be expended by him who aims at the dignities of the law, in recondite and perplexing enquiries, in intellectual exercise upon subjects least calculated to interest the understanding; in occasional efforts to entangle and invert the right, and to gloss over and explain away the wrong; in quibbling on the most important, and declaiming upon a particle in the most trivial cases;

in preparing by the silence of the midnight oil for the busy clamour of the succeeding day ; and in arraying contradictory authorities for the purpose as well of involvement as of illustration. An honest lawyer must suppress his feelings of candour and his sense of integrity. He must examine, not the justice of his client's cause, but its strength and weakness—the whole momentum of his mind—the full current of his partialities must be directed, and must press to a single point, the success of his cause. Bound by the most sacred ties, he is left without discretion, without volition. To a Cato or to a Chartres, to an Aristides or to a Robespierre he must be equally devoted. To his feelings he must at the same moment apply the snaffle and the spur—he must rein them in, should they lean with complacency on the case of his opponent—should they involuntarily recede from the chicanery or injustice of his client—he must, on that account, urge them on with more earnestness than before. The courts then should be a school to chastise the temper, as well as to exercise the reason. Now in this clash and contrariety of law and of justice, of sentiment and of sophistry, in this intense devotion to study, and this unceasing toil of understanding—the first talents, the most fortunate adventurer, must spend from fifteen to twenty years, before he can hope to reach the goal of his ambition. We speak, of course, of English judges, for it is too melancholy and notorious, that men *in former days* have been elevated to the Bench in this country with a very few of those requisites, which should entitle them to that distinction. Those are first—personal, including, by necessary implication, political integrity—secondly, learning, at once profound and extensive, accurate and prompt—thirdly, temper, by which we would imply patience, suavity and firmness. Yet there have been judges on the Irish Bench who were placed there for having served a vile minister, and an odious cause—there have been others, who began to learn the first elements of their profession, when they found themselves deciding upon the property, and sitting in judgment upon the lives of their fellow creatures ; and it is still in the recollection of many, that even the court of Chancery was not always free from petulance and passion, and that Judges, in some other of the courts, have exhibited a

testiness and intemperance that would disgrace a thwarted woman. This we do not mean as a picture of the present state of the Irish Bench, for that cannot be other than respectable, when it can number in its catalogue the names of Manners, Downes, O'Grady, Smith and Fox.

Lord Manners, the subject of the present memoir, is not more distinguished for his high station and great talents, than for the brilliancy of his descent, and the greatness of his connections. His father, Lord George Sutton, was brother of the celebrated Marquis of Granby, (Junius's Marquis,) and of course uncle of the late amiable and dissipated Duke of Rutland, who died during his lieutenancy in this country. His elder brother is Archbishop of Canterbury, and primate of all England. His mother was miss Blankney, an heiress of great wealth. From the slight memoir whence we draw our information, we learn that both brothers were educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, and that in the year 1777, Thomas, the present Chancellor, distinguished himself as a wrangler. He soon obtained a degree, was admitted into the society of Lincoln's-Inn, and in due season was called to the bar.

His industry was as conspicuous as his talents were rare. These qualities, aided, of course, by his connections, soon obtained for him a silk gown with a patent of precedence. Official situation quickly succeeded, and though a very young man, he was nominated Solicitor General to the Prince of Wales, and one of his Royal Highness's counsel as Duke of Cornwall. Indeed it is said that Mr. Sutton was always a peculiar favourite with the Prince. The latter, who, as being the first gentleman in his father's dominions, is eminently qualified to judge of the constituents of which such a character should be formed, has repeatedly declared that lord Manners was one of the most polished gentlemen in England. Those acquainted with the English bar need not be reminded, that the union of politeness and learning, of suavity of demeanour and of legal knowledge, is one of the rarest that occurs in Westminster Hall. In truth no two bodies of the same profession, and educated in the same pursuits, can be well conceived more dissimilar in deportment, in conversation and in manners,

manners, than the gentleman of the English and the Irish Bar. With the exception of an Erskine and a Manners and a few others, the English Barrister is a lawyer and no more. His demeanour has acquired a rust and stiffness from his reading. When not dilating upon the construction of the statutes, or upon some thorny obscurity in the common law, his favourite and constant topics,—his conversation, nevertheless, is deeply imbued with the dryness and sophistry of special pleading. Nothing can be more unpleasant, not even the conversation of a mere mathematician, than that of a mere English lawyer. He brings his law logic and his hair-splitting faculty into a discussion upon the merits of the gravest or most trivial subjects. The state of the nation, or the character of a farce, will set him for a whole evening together at syllogisms and antitheses, and quibbles and dilemmas. He is perpetually taking exceptions against the terms, the premises, the induction and the inference of every one in company, and thus, instead of lending an impulse to conversation, he is perpetually retarding and turning it awry. Of polite or classical literature the four-fifths of the profession in England have not the slightest tincture. This may appear strange to those acquainted with the gentlemen of the Irish bar; but it becomes intelligible when they are told, that these four-fifths have never been in any university, have scarcely any communication with literary men, or with the usual routine of society, in which the Irish lawyer mingles.

Hence arises another striking dissimilarity in their characters, which we shall have occasion to investigate in our next number.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIR OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND,

(Continued from Page 141.)

TO appreciate justly the conduct of the Duke of Richmond, and to understand distinctly the character of his administration, it will be advisable to sketch a brief, and, as far as accuracy is compatible with conciseness, an accurate outline of the state of Ireland,

land. Indeed such an analysis seems the more necessary, as there has not, in our recollection, appeared any publication on the condition of the country, which does not bear palpable and melancholy indications of bigotry on one side, and of intolerance on the other. Of pamphlets indeed there has been no dearth. Every man who could turn a period, and not a few who scorned to confine their meaning in "the mere material chains" of grammar, have stepped forth to entangle the ignorance, to confound the indecision still more deeply, and to foment the prejudices of their countrymen. At no epoch in Irish History has education been so general, and none has been distinguished so honourably by literature : yet it would be difficult to select a year that has been disgraced so much by mean pamphlets, by ignorant and slovenly declamation, by desperate appeals to expiring prejudices, and by the portentous rancour of theological animosity. Whether we look to two very excellent men, Doctor Milner and Doctor Ryan, who have revived the old polemics of Elizabeth's and James's days, and who doubtless are of opinion, that they contribute respectively to the cause of good will and peace among mankind ; or to the innumerable and noxious tribe of pamphleteers, who have exhibited their folly or their designs, from the dark and disgusting virulence of Dui-genan, to the pedantic and conceited sentimentality of Clynch, we shall not find a single page of liberal and statesman-like discussion. These men consider the people of this country, not as *Irish*, but as *Protestant* and *Catholic*. In the seventh century, when the Barbarians of the North chased letters from their clascal and hereditary domains, they were said to seek refuge and to be received with honor in Ireland. In the nineteenth, when philosophy, with the stronger aid of a stern and admirable tyrant, had dissipated the powers and laid the gaunt and sanguinary spectre of theology in the continent, it rises again in the Western Island, scatters among the multitude its ambiguous and endemic pestilence of phrase, assumes already the port of authority, talks of its physical prowess, and capabilities of retaliation. It is true, the instruments it has chosen among the protestants as well as among the catholics, are with a few inconsiderable exceptions contemptible and ridiculous

ridiculous. The melancholy ravings of Sir Richard Musgrave, or the intemperate and suspicious babble of Mr. Cornelius Keogh—the intolerent devotee of ascendancy, or the bigotted partizan of the Veto, are surveyed by a temperate IRISHMAN with sorrow and mingled indignation. Such a man would hear the speeches of Mr. Giffard with pity, perhaps with amusement, did he not recollect that speeches directly hostile, but of the same tendency are pronounced in the Catholic debating clubs. The writer of this article has heard Mr. McAuley, the common council man in Dublin, and Colonel Birch, the Pastry Cook in London, speak upon the Catholics Claims with considerable fluency and ignorance. Both appealed to the Scarlet Lady, to error and to bigotry, at the time they were manifesting their devotion to her imputed principles. But he recollects also being present at an aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland. Among many other singular speeches on that occasion he remembers a most extraordinary harangue of the elder Mr. Keogh. Never, since the first days of the French Revolution, was such a speech addressed to a mixed multitude. A panegyric upon Napoleon, upon his mighty military talents, upon his immense and encreasing power—but above all upon his political liberality in breaking down civil barriers, and restoring religion to its free exercise, formed a brilliant and indelible contrast to the bigotry of the British Government—to the insolence of petty ascendancy, to the despotism exercised by England, to the exactions of the established church, and the undeviating system of persecution which this country always did and would experience from a protestant connection. Such were the sentiments expressed by Mr. Keogh—sentiments quite as impolitic and illiberal in their nature as those of Mr. Cope, and in the present state of the world, infinitely more mischeivous in their tendency. Yet there has not been a pamphlet lately published in which the protestants are not charged with bigotry. Now friends as we are to Catholic Emancipation, and feeling as we do, that upon the turn which this question may take, the integrity of the British Empire, at no distant day, may depend; we candidly own that with the exceptions to whom we have already alluded the bigotry and pertinacity appear to rest with the *pamphleteering and speaking*
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part (for we will not include the whole) of the Catholic body. But we may return to the subject at a more convenient opportunity.

At the Duke of Richmond's arrival in this country, he found the Catholics exasperated, the Dissenters sullen, and the Protestants, excepting those immediately connected with his party, indifferent. The change was generally and justly unpopular. As a public man the duke was only known to be the friend of Mr. Pitt, a name disliked in Ireland, and of Mr. Perceval, whose name was detested. The Loyal were grieved for the departure of the Duke of Bedford.—we do mean of course, those who exclusively arrogate to themselves the epithet—those who are loud in their professions, and presumptuous in their deportment—those who would address Caligula's horse if he were Lord Lieutenant, those *faithful dogs** of their Sovereign who feed at the public table—those last guinea and last drop of blood-men whose laudatory resolutions, on every change of ministers and measures fill the columns of the daily prints—those who are perpetually telling the king and the public that loyalty revolves only in their contracted and corrupted sphere—we do not mean your aldermen and common-council men—your officers of the revenue, or your clerks of the castle—your place-men or pensioners—in short, we do not mean those whose affection is influenced by selfishness—who would prefer an extravagant to an economical minister, and a weak, corrupt and vacillating government to a vigorous and direct administration. Such men thrive only on public misery, and like the Gouls of the East, or the Vampyres of Germany, germinate in the tomb of the constitution, and live upon the mouldering *reliquia* of the laws. When we say that the truly-loyal were grieved for the removal of the Duke of Bedford, we mean to describe the intelligent, the virtuous, and, of course, the patriotic portion of the Irish People. That portion, though inimical to the Union, are friendly to the connection. They wished to see at the head of the Irish Government a Lieutenant, whose party and whose principles

* See the speech of a clever and clamorous member of the Common Council of Dublin.

ples were popular, and such, although they were in some instances disappointed by his administration, was the Duke of Bedford. Although we could not recover our Parliament, or obtain freedom for our population, yet it was hoped, that the conciliating policy, and amiable, though distant character of the Duke, would contribute to allay, if not to remove the discontents of the people, and to temper the consequences, although it could not eradicate the cause of their disappointment. All prudent men, therefore, received the dissolution of the Irish Government with regret, nor could those be justly accused of political cowardice, whose sorrow was mingled with alarm.

When we consider the population of Ireland—a population, that, while the rest of Europe is stationary or retrogressive, has advanced with a march that almost baffles the calculations of the political œconomist—and when we recollect that the great bulk of that population are poor, dissatisfied and desperate, we shall see sufficient cause for the apprehensions expressed in Parliament and reiterated by the thinking part of the public. But although the population, who, for the most part, have nothing but a miserable life to lose, might thirst for novelty or be ripe for rebellion—although they might become the ready instruments of the demagogue or the desperado ; having indeed demonstrated this disposition three years before, by an insurrection as wonderful and as wild, as an Arabian tale, or as a Poet's dream—yet it was not from their numbers, or, to use the philosophical cant of the day, from their physical force, that men deduced their apprehensions or prophesied an approaching storm. They knew that this population were humbled, and oppressed—that a strict police in the towns, and an active magistracy in the country, partially aided by an armed yeomanry and a great military force, were sufficient to keep a population four times more numerous in order ; but they apprehended that in the bosom of the country, in the midst of the metropolis, there existed a *French party*, respectable for numbers, and formidable for talents. This indeed they might have previously suspected, but their suspicions were converted into certainty, when Mr. GRATTAN, whose patriotism none has dared to asperse, declared unequivocally in his place, that such a party
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did exist, and that in order to counteract their machinations, or restrain their proceedings, (if indeed, they should happen to break forth into outrage,) it was political and necessary to arm the executive authorities with extraordinary and unconstitutional powers. The duke of Bedford's recal, therefore, was regretted by the prudent patriot, by the enemy of abuse, by the foe to ascendancy, by every genuine anti-unionist, anti-bigot, and anti-gallican. It was hailed with satisfaction, however, by the expiring Orange Associations, and by the encreasing partizans of France—by the paltry *ascendant*, who sighed for the days of trouble, and the pitiful bigot who impatiently expected the hour of retaliation. One party hoped again to trace their loyalty in characters of blood upon the backs of their countrymen, to re-erect the triangles, and to prepare again the firebrand for the cottage—the other expected to turn upon their pursuers and to retaliate their injuries with the dreadful interest of civil war. The sanguinary scenes of Prosperous and of Wexford, the hunted priest and the hunted parson, the murdering and the murdered peasant—the pistol of the yeoman and the pike of the rebel—all passed in horrible array before the imagination of both parties, and were already anticipated by the eagerness and impatience of each.

But by the Duke of Richmond's administration both have been disappointed. Although armed with the Insurrection bill, he suppressed the disturbances in the South and West, the *Shanewests* and the *Thrashers* by a special commission. Instead of putting the Yeomanry on permanent pay, or in other words, of putting money into the pockets of the captains, he sent down the judges at an inconsiderable expence; and we will venture to affirm that the speeches of the solicitor general and of the crown lawyers, on those trials, were more effectual in restoring tranquillity than the Yeomen of an entire district. We do not mean to depreciate the services of the Yeomanry, or to deny them activity and spirit—but we know that the system has been much abused—that, like almost every thing else in this country, commissions have been turned into jobs, and that it frequently has happened, when the county did not afford business to the corps, the corps has given business to the county. Indeed too much cannot be said in fa-
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your of his grace's conduct in this emergency. There were few resident nobility; and the gentry, we fear, with some honourable exceptions, are not very popular with the labouring classes of the Irish community. These lives and fortunes men—these, who would shed their last drop of blood, and what is still more patriotic, who would spend their last shilling in defence of our “glorious constitution,” wished for the full fling of the Insurrection act—for the domiciliary visits, and reference to torture, for the hunting and harassing system, for ca-rousing at night, and lamenting the miseries and slavery of the French, and for scouring the country by day, and committing, in order to demonstrate their loyalty, eight or ten brace of peasants to the county jail. This loyalty, however, the Duke of Richmond did not approve. On the contrary he was of opinion that a court of law was quite as competent to decide upon the delinquency of a culprit, as a court martial—that the Chief Baron or Sir William Smith were as well calculated to distribute justice, as lord Harrington, or general Floyd—and that the solicitor general and serjeant Moore would manage the crown business as well as Sir Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, or even as major Sirr himself. It appears that his grace was justified in his predilection for the civil powers. The kingdom has since that period remained as tranquil as if every county in Ireland were in arms—as if there were meetings of magistrates in every barn, and squadrons of Yeomanry under every hedge; quite as tranquil as if the triangles were re-erected—as if William of Delorane had commenced his border foray, or as if dark Richard of Musgrave had buckled on again the arms of the crusades. Provoking! that not one dashing paragraph in the newspapers, not one resolution accompanied by a handsome sword—not one syllable concerning life and fortune—the last penny and the last drop, can be produced to attest the loyalty of our beloved and disappointed captains. For this mortification, however, they must thank the Duke of Richmond, as we, and all who have no design upon the people's purse, do from the bottom of our hearts.

Last summer his grace made a tour through the South. His conduct was marked by good sense, by candour and a liberality
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which will not speedily be forgotten by any party amongst us. He made no difference between the Catholic and the Protestant,

Tres, Tyrusque illi nullo discrimine habetur.

Though sent to Ireland to perpetuate the distinction—though his lieutenancy was necessarily connected with Mr. Percival's infernal yell, yet removed from the influence of the demon, he allowed his own generous temper to operate, and the consequence has been *peace*, if not harmony, esteem for the governor, and affection for the man.

With regard to the principles upon which the government is administered our opinion remains unaltered. The system of exclusion—the pretensions of a petty, but powerful faction—the ascendancy, the tythe, the grand jury jobs—the oppressions of the landholder or of his agent—all demand redress, or will surely generate, and at no very distant day, retribution. But with those errors of government, and with these miseries of the people, the Duke has nothing to do. None of them can be laid at his door, and redress he has it not in his power to bestow. It is those who sent him, it is the representatives of the people that must investigate our distempers, and apply the cure if they can find one. And they may, if they will but see with unprejudiced eyes. During the political storm which has crushed most of the European thrones, and which menaces in its ruinous career this ancient and mighty monarchy, administration after administration have been warned to change their system, and to adopt towards Ireland in particular, the reverse of those maxims by which she has been misgoverned for a dreary and disastrous series of years. Upon an alteration of that system, and a speedy and radical one, there might be hopes that the magnificent fabric of the British Empire would survive the dissolution of surrounding states, and that the union of England, Scotland, and Ireland, would remain indissoluble and even unimpaired. But to secure their integrity it is necessary that the benefits of constitution, under which one part of the empire has attained so much power, happiness and freedom, should be extended to all. It is not in the nature of men, it is not in the page of history, that the unprivileged order of the people will feel an interest as great in the preservation of existing institutions, as those to whom the honors,

honors, the emoluments, and the rights of such institutions are open. The application is too obvious to be exemplified. But it is unfortunately acknowledged on all sides, that the *PRESENT* is a period most unpropitious for the extension of the rights to which we allude. This *present*, if we may be suffered to use an Hibernicism, has continued for the last six hundred years, and perhaps it is destined to reach the millenium, when the destroying Angel shall have ceased from his labours, and there will be universal liberty, harmony and love. By many it is apprehended that as it was, and is, so it shall be with the Irish Catholic, like the blessed in Heaven, where, according to the poet, there is

Nothing to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal *Now* shall always last.

Still, however, in this state of purgatory, or according to the more orthodox creed, in that state out of which there is no redemption, it is in the power of those who are put in authority over him to alleviate his suffering, and instead of exasperating his discontents, to extinguish, or at least to allay their bitterness.

To the Duke of Richmond, more than to any other chief Governor of Ireland, this praise most eminently belongs. This we feel, and through whatever "scenes and changes" Ireland may be destined to pass, she will always remember with gratitude and respect, and not unfrequently yield to the authority and advice of a nobleman, not more illustrious in rank, birth and talent, than in political virtue and private worth.

LIFE OF GENERAL MOORE.

(*Continued from Page 15*)

THESE dangerous services being executed, the British and Corsican troops experienced little difficulty in reducing the other places in which the French had established themselves—indeed in a very short period the whole island submitted to the arms of the allies. The Corsicans began their revolution, where the Spaniards have terminated theirs, by a convocation of the states. Of the policy

licy of this measure, at least at the commencement of a radical change, little doubt can be entertained by those who shudder at the success of the French Revolution, and who deplore the miserable termination of the Spanish. The French convention, the focus and salient point of anarchy, the crater from which the fire of persecution issued in volumes that rolled over all France, and burnt to ashes every thing that was honourable and dignified in the state—that very convention, so deeply stained with guilt and blood, whose decrees bore the characters alternately of madness and of folly, that convention it was, which gave a revolutionary and irresistible impulse to the French Armies, which freed the soil of France from the invader's presence, which dissipated the legions who still breathed the spirit of the great Frederick, which trampled on the Austrian Eagle, and which in spite of England planted the standard of the republic upon the Shores of the Texel and in the deliterious marshes of Walcheren. The cause of this success is obvious. The people, though disgusted with the absurdities, and shocked at the sanguinary measures of their rulers, still identified themselves with the republic. They had a constitution, indefinite and violent, it is true, but tangible, and based upon the most fascinating principles—they enjoyed in fact the shadow of a representation. Every man felt, every man spoke, and many thought about the Republic. At that period the despotism of Bonaparte would be ruinous to the country; for the regular armies of old France were either skeletons or unfaithful. The interest of one was the interest of all, or the people supposed so—and opinion, founded or false, is the rule of action to society and to the individual. Nothing, therefore, could have been more prudent than for the chiefs of Corsica to convene a meeting of the States—nothing, in the temper in which the islanders were at that period, could be more political. If it were intended, as it seems to have been, by Mr. Pitt, to govern the island as an independent *appendage* of the English Crown, it was perfectly judicious in that minister to offer to the people the image of the British Constitution. The theory indeed the rude islanders neither understood nor regarded—but there were such obvious benefits derived

derived from the practice—these benefits addressed themselves so directly to the senses and to the interests of society, that in the general CONSULTA, in which Paoli was chosen president, the connection was unanimously resolved. It is not now necessary to enquire whether England and Corfica, or both, or either, might have been benefitted by this Union. To England, circumstanced as she is at present, it may be questioned whither a strong and barren island in the Mediterranean, in the view almost of Italy and France, and of course, subjected to incessant alarm, would be worth the vigilance, money and anxiety which she should expend in its defence. Corsica on the other hand might ask whether her vicinity to a powerful enemy, whose dominions stretched along her shores, would not expose her to intrigue, discontent, conspiracy and treason from within, besides the dangers which she had to apprehend from abroad. But these are hypothetical questions and do not demand an enquiry. Whether the Union of the two islands might be beneficial or injurious can only be deduced from conjectural argument. The pomposity and mismanagement of Sir Gilbert Elliott, now lord Minto, having put it out of our power to decide from experience, we must leave the subject to those who have leisure to discuss it, or who think it worthy of a discussion.

On the reduction of the island Lieutenant Colonel Moore was appointed Adjutant-General. His unassuming manners combined with his great personal courage rendered him extremely popular among the natives. These qualities had recommended him to his general and had endeared him to the army, but the Viceroy, whose pomp and circumstance surpassed in shew the regalia of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, could not perceive those qualities in Mr. Moore, or perceiving them, regarded their possessor with envy and aversion. What could have poisoned Sir Gilbert's mind against Mr. Moore it is difficult to conjecture. He was neither a member of the Consulta nor of the Privy Council; he neither traversed the plans of the Viceroy in the one, nor thwarted his vanity in the other; there was apparently no point of contact between them; one was a civil, the other a military officer; or if there were, it was that of command in the Viceroy, and implicit obedience in the soldier. Yet that this jealousy existed to a very
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strange degree in the breast of Sir Gilbert Elliot, we have the irrefragable testimony of doctor Moore, the general's father. We shall make no apology for quoting his words :

"Highly esteemed by his brother officers, beloved by his soldiers, and enjoying the confidence of the general who had succeeded in the military command," (for general Stewart had previously been ordered on another service) "he had the misfortune not to please the Viceroy, in consequence of a representation from whom, to the surprise of every body, and of none more than the commander of the troops, he was recalled from his situation in Corsica.

"This seemed the more extraordinary, as, independent of the cool intrepidity, zeal for the service, and the professional talents he had so eminently displayed ; he is of a modest, unassuming character, humane, of scrupulous integrity, incapable of adulation, and more solicitous to deserve, than to receive praise : to the Corsicans, who have a high admiration of military talents, and are perhaps not such good judges of those of a politician, this removal seemed peculiarly inexplicable ; because they had been witnesses to the successful exertions of the officer, and were unable to comprehend the merits of the person at whose request he was recalled.

"This removal, however, though intended as a misfortune to the officer, turned out to his advantage. The Commander in chief of the British forces" (the Duke of York,) "whose heart sympathises with valour and integrity, soon placed him in situations of the greatest trust, from every one of which the same intrepidity of conduct, and zeal in the service of his country, which he displayed in Corsica, gave the French Directory substantial reasons for wishing that he might be recalled.

"When one important conquest, in which he had a considerable share, was detailed in the Gazette, the most honourable mention was made of this officer by the experienced and judicious general who commanded on the expedition." (Sir Ralph Abercrombie,) "The whole article published in the London Gazette relative to conquest was translated into Italian, and appeared in a Gazette published at Corsica, under the authority of the Viceroy, *except the paragraph regarding the officer now in question.*

(To be continued.)

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ICELANDIC WITCHES.

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Of the witches, and the estimation in which they were held among the Danes and Anglo-Saxons, we have some curious notes in Erin's *Rauga Saga*, and other icelandic annals. One of them is thus described: "There was an old woman named Heida, famous for her skill in divination, and the arts of magic, who frequented public entertainments, predicting what kind of weather would be the year after, and telling men and women their fortunes. She was constantly attended by thirty men servants, and waited on by fifteen young maidens." These venerable hags were all old women; for age among our ancestors was always connected with an idea of wisdom; and princes and great men were desirous to invite them to their houses, to consult them about the success of their designs, the fortunes of themselves and families, and any future event which they desired to know. On these occasions they made great preparation for their honourable reception, and entertained them in the most respectful manner. The description of the witch Thorbiorga, in *Rauga Saga*, and her interview with Earl Thorchill, are curious. She is represented as the only survivor of nine sisters, all witches or fortune-tellers, who were famous for their knowledge of futurity, and who frequented public entertainments, when invited. Earl Thorchill, in order to be informed when a sickness or famine would cease, which then raged in the country, sent for, and made proper preparations for the reception of Thorbiorga. On her arrival in the evening, she was dressed in a gown of green cloth, buttoned from top to bottom; about her neck was a string of glass beads and her head was covered with the skin of a black lamb, lined with that of a white cat; her shoes were of calf's skin, with the hair on, tied with thongs, and fastened with brass buttons; and on her hands were a pair of gloves, of white cat skin, with the fur inward; about her waist she wore a Hunlandic girdle, at which hung a bag, containing her magical instruments; and she supported herself on a staff, adorned with many knobs of brass. On her entrance, the

whole company rose and saluted her; and Earl Thorchill advancing, took her by the hand, and conducted her to the seat prepared for her, on which was a cushion of hen's feathers. After some ceremony and refreshment was set before her, Thorchill, humbly approaching the prophetess, requested to know what she thought of his house and family, and if she would be pleased to tell them what they desired to know? She answered next day she would fully satisfy them. Accordingly, on the morrow, having put her instruments of divination in order, she commanded Godreda, one of her maidens, to sing the magical song called *Vardlokurb*, which she sung with so clear and sweet a voice as delighted the company, and in particular the prophetess, who declared that she then knew many things respecting the famine and sickness which before she was ignorant of. The famine would be of short continuance, and the sickness would abate. Each of the family then asked her what questions they pleased, and she told them every thing they desired to know.

HISTORY OF DON LEWIS DE BARBARAN

(Concluded from Page 93.)

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THE Marchioness was sensibly afflicted at this separation. She had perceived he loved her before he had known thus much himself; and she had found in him such singular merit, that for her part too she had loved him without knowing it; but she found this to her cost after his departure. She made one of her women, in whom she most confided, the repository of this secret: "Am I not very unhappy?" said she, "I must wish never again to see a man towards whom it is impossible for me to be in a state of indifference; his person is always before mine eyes; nay, I think sometimes I see him in the person of my husband; the resemblance which is between them, serves only

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to nourish my affection towards him. Alas ! Mariana, I must die to expiate this crime, although it be an involuntary one : I have only this means to get rid of a passion of which I cannot hitherto be mistress. Alas, what have I not done to stifle this passion which yet is dear to me." She accompanied these words with a thousand sighs. She melted into tears, and though this woman had a great deal of wit and affection to her mistress, yet she could say nothing to her that could yield her any comfort.

The Marquis, in the mean time, every day reproached his wife with her indifference to Don Lewis, and he importuned her to write to Don Lewis to return. One day she had got into his closet to speak to him about some affairs, when she found him busied in reading a letter of Don Lewis's which he had lately received.

She would have retired ; but he took this opportunity to oblige her to do what he would have her ; he told her very seriously, that he could no longer bear the absence of his cousin ; that he was resolved to go and find him ; that he was persuaded he would yield a greater deference to her requests than his ; that he conjured her to write to him. And that, in fine, she might choose either to give him this satisfaction, or be content to see him depart for Naples, where Don Lewis was to make some stay. She remained surprised and perplexed at this proposal ; but knowing he expected with great impatience her determination, " What would you have me say to him, my lord ?" said she to him, with a sorrowful countenance ; " dictate this letter to me, I will write it ; I can do no more ; and I believe this is more than I ought." The Marquis, transported with joy, most affectionately embraced her ; he thanked her for her compliance, and made her write these words :—

" If you have any kindness for us, defer not your return ; I have very urgent reasons to desire it. I am not a little concerned that you shew such indifference towards us, which is an unquestionable indication that you take no delight in our company. Return, Don Lewis, I earnestly wish it ; I entreat you ; and if it were fit for me to use more urgent terms, I would say perhaps, I command you to do it."

The Marquis made a single packet of this fatal letter, to the end that Don Lewis might not think it was by his order the Marchioness had wrote it; and having sent it, he expected the success with extraordinary impatience. "How unhappy a wretch I am," said Don Lewis, on receiving the letter; "I adore the most amiable of women, and yet I dare not offer to please her? She has a kindness for me, yet honour and friendship withhold me from taking the least advantage of it. What shall I do then, O Heavens! What shall I do! I flattered myself that absence would cure me: Alas! this is a remedy which I have fruitlessly tried; I have never cast mine eyes on her picture but have found myself more in love, and more miserable than when I saw her every day. I must obey her, she commands my return; she desires to see me, and she cannot be ignorant of my passion."

He departed without any delay, and without taking leave of his friends. He left a gentleman to excuse him towards them, and to order his affairs. He was in such great haste to see the Marchioness, that he used such diligence to be with her that nobody but himself could have done.

Arriving at Cagliari, the capital of Sardagne, he understood that the Marquis and his wife were at a stately country house, where the viceroy was gone to give them a visit, with all his court. He learned, moreover, that the Marquis de Barbaran prepared for him a great feast, where there were to be held justs, or tournaments, after the ancient manner of the Moors. He was the defendant, and was to maintain, that a husband beloved is happier than a lover.

Several gentlemen that were not of this opinion, were preparing themselves to go and dispute the prize, which the Marchioness, at the Viceroy's intreaty, was to give to the conqueror; it was a scarf, embroidered with her own hands, wrought with cyphers. No one was to appear but those who were masked and disguised, to the end that all might be freer and more gallant.

Don Lewis had a secret vexation, in finding the Marquis so well satisfied. "He is beloved," said he, "I cannot but look on him as my rival, and as a happy rival; but I must endeavour

to disturb his happiness, in triumphing over his vain glory." Having formed his design, he would not appear in town; he caused to be made a suit of striped green satin, embroidered with gold, and all his liveries were of the same colour, to denote his new hopes.

When he entered into the lists every body had their eyes on him; his magnificence and his air gave emulation to the cavaliers, and great curiosity to the ladies. The Marchioness felt a secret emotion, of which she could not discover the cause. He was placed very near the balcony where she sat with the Vice-queen; but there was no lady there which did not lose all her lustre near that of the Marchioness; her youthful air, which exceeded not eighteen years, and her shape, which surpassed the fairest, made her the admiration of all the world.

When Don Lewis's turn came, he ran against the Marquis, and smote him so dexterously, that he got the advantage all along of him: so that in a word, he gained the prize with a general applause, and with the approbation of every one present. He threw himself at the Marchioness's feet, to receive it at her hands; he altered the tone of his voice, and speaking to her with his mask on, low enough not to be heard but only by her. "Divine person," said he to her, "be pleased to observe what fortune decides in favour of lovers. He dared not say more to her; and without knowing him, she gave him the prize, with that natural grace with which all her actions were accompanied.

He suddenly withdrew himself for fear of being known; for this might have been an occasion of quarrel between the Marquis and him. This obliged him to keep himself concealed for some days. The Viceroy and his lady returned to Cagliari, and the Marquis and Marchioness accompanied them thither, with the whole court.

"Don Lewis then shewed himself; he pretended he had just then arrived. The Marquis de Barbaran was transported with joy in seeing him, and absence had not at all altered the affection he had for his dear relation. He had no difficult task to find a favourable moment wherein to entertain his amiable Marchioness. "How wretched am I," said he to her, "that you did

did not know me ! Alas, madam, I flattered myself, that by some secret presentiments you would learn that no one but I could sustain with such passion the cause of lovers against husbands." "No, my lord," (said she to him, with an angry and disdainful air, to take away all hope from him,) "I could never have imagined that you could have been patron of so foul a cause; and I could not have believed you would have taken such strong engagements at Naples, that you should come as far as Sardagne to triumph over a friend who maintained my interests as well as his own." "I shall die with regret, madam," said Don Lewis, "if I have displeased you in what I have done; and were you more favourably disposed, and I might dare to make you my confidant, it would be no hard matter for me to persuade you, that it is not at Naples I have left the object of my vows."

The Marchioness apprehending he should speak more than she was willing to hear, and appearing sensibly touched with the reproach she made him, put on a more pleasing countenance, and turned the conversation into a tone of railery.

When he left her, he began to blame himself for his fearfulness. "Shall I," said he, "always suffer without seeking any remedy!" It was some time before he could meet with a favourable opportunity, because the Marchioness studiously avoided him; but being come one night where she was, he found her alone in an inward room. The trouble she felt in seeing Don Lewis appeared on her countenance, and rendered her yet more lovely. He drew near her with an awful and respectful air, and fell down on his knees by her; he looked on her for some time, not daring to speak; but becoming a little more bold, "if you consider, madam," said he to her, "the piteous condition whereunto you have reduced me, you will easily comprehend that it is no longer in my power to keep silence. I could not avoid such inevitable strokes as you have given me; I adored you as soon as I saw you. I have endeavoured to cure myself in flying from you; I have offered the greatest violence to myself in endeavouring to master my passion. You have recalled me, madam from my voluntary exile, and I am dying a thousand times a day uncertain of my destiny: if you are cruel enough to refuse me
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your pity, suffer, at least, that having made known to you my situation, I may die with grief at your feet." The Marchioness was some time without resolving to answer him, but at length gaining assurance, "I acknowledged," said she, "Don Lewis, that I am not wholly ignorant of one part of your sentiments, but I was willing to persuade myself it was the effect of an innocent affection; make me not a partner of your crime, you commit one when you betray the friendship due to my husband; but, alas! you will pay but too dearly for this; for I know that duty forbids you to love me; and in respect, it does not only forbid me to love you, but to fly from you. I will do it, Don Lewis, I will avoid you; and I do not know, whether I ought not to hate you; but, alas! it seems impossible for me to do it." "You cannot hate me, say you? Do you not hate me, and do you not do me all the mischief you are able, when you resolve to avoid me? Make an end, madam, make an end, leave not your vengeance imperfect; sacrifice me to your duty, and your husband; for my life cannot but be odious if you take from me the hopes of pleasing you." She looked on him with eyes full of languishing. "Don Lewis," said she to him, "you reproach me with what I would deserve." In ending these words, she arose, fearing greatly lest her affection should triumph over her reason; and notwithstanding his endeavours to prevent her, she passed into a chamber where her women were.

Don Lewis, flattering himself that perhaps he might find a favourable moment to affect the Marchioness's heart with some pity, he carefully sought it; and to find it, one day when it was very hot, knowing she was wont to retire to repose herself after dinner as is customary in that country, he came to her, doubting not but every body was asleep in the house.

She was in a ground room which looked into the garden; all was fast and shut close except a little window, whereby he saw on her bed this charming creature; she was in a profound sleep, half undressed. He approached so softly to her that she did not awake, and kissed her. She arose on a sudden, she had not her eyes open, the chamber was dark, and she could never believe Don Lewis could have been so bold; he resembled the Marquis
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de Barbaran ; she did not doubt then but it was he, and calling him several times, her dear Marquis and husband, she tenderly embraced him. He well knew his error ; whatever pleasure it procured him, he could have wished to have owed this only to his mistress's favour. But, O heavens, how unfortunately it happened ! the Marquis came in this dangerous moment ; and it was not without the greatest fury he saw the liberty Don Lewis took with his wife. At the noise he made in entering she had turned her eyes towards the door, and seeing her husband enter, whom she thought she had already in her arms, it is impossible to represent her affliction and astonishment.

Don Lewis amazed at this accident, flattered himself that perhaps he was not known ; he passed immediately into the gallery, and finding a window was open into the garden, he threw himself out of it, and immediately passed through a back door. The Marquis pursued him, without being able to overtake him : in returning the same way he came, he unhappily found the Marchioness's picture, which Don Lewis had dropped as he ran ; he immediately made most cruel reflections upon it ; this picture of his wife, and the sight of her embracing him, all this made him no longer doubt of his wife's falsehood. " I am betrayed," cried he, " by her whom I loved dearer than my own life : was there ever a more unhappy man in the world ?" In ending these words, he returned to his wife's chamber. She immediately threw herself at his feet, and melting into tears, would have justified herself, and made known to him her innocence ; but the spirit of jealousy had so fully possessed him, that he violently repulsed her ; he harkened only to the transports of his rage and despair, and turning away his eyes, that he might not see so lovely an object, he had the barbarity to strike his dagger into the heart of the most beautiful and most virtuous woman in the world.

As soon as the unfortunate Marchioness had rendered her last breath, her cruel executioner shut her apartment, took all the money and jewels he had, mounted on horseback, and fled with all the speed he could. Don Lewis, restless and more amorous than ever, returned thither in the evening, notwithstanding whatever might befall him ; he was surprised when he was told the

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Marchioness was still asleep; he immediately went into the garden, and entered into the gallery through the same window which he had found open, and from thence came into the chamber: it was so dark that he was forced to walk warily; when he felt something which had like to have made him fall, he stooped down and found it was a dead body; he uttered a great shriek, and doubting not but it was that of his dear mistress, he sunk down with grief; some of the Marchioness's women walking under the windows of her apartment, heard Don Lewis's cries; they easily got up through the same window, and entered the room. What a spectacle, what a lamentable sight was this! Don Lewis was no sooner come to himself, by the help of remedies, but his grief, rage, and despair, broke out with such violence, that it was impossible to calm him.

He departed like one furious in search of the Marquis de Barbaran; he sought him every where without hearing any news of him, he ran over Italy, traversed Germany, went into Flanders, and passed into France. He was told that the Marquis was at Valentian in Spain; he went there, and met not with him. In fine, three years being passed, without finding the means of sacrificing his enemy to his mistress's ghost, divine grace, which is irresistible, and particularly on great souls, touched him so efficaciously, that he immediately changed his desires of revenge into serious desires of leaving the world, and minded only the fitting himself for another life.

Being filled with this spirit he returned into Sardagne; he sold all his estates, which he distributed among some of his friends, who with great merit were yet very poor; and by this means became so poor himself that he was reduced to the begging of alms.

He had heretofore seen, in going to Madrid, a place very fit to make an hermitage, (it is towards Mount Dragon) this mountain is almost inaccessible, and you cannot pass it but through an opening, which is in the midst of a great rock; it is stopt up when the snow falls, and the hermitage lies buried more than six months under it. Don Lewis caused one to be built here, where he was desirous to pass whole years without seeing
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any one. He made such provisions as were necessary, having good books, and thus remained in this dismal solitude; but his friends forced him thence, by reason of a great sickness which had like to have cost him his life.

As to the Marquis de Barbaran, he left the isle of Sardagne, where he had not the liberty to return; and he married again at Aniers, to the widow of a Spaniard, named Fonceca.

He is so furiously tortured with the remembrance of his crime, that he imagines he continually sees his wife dying, and reproaching him with his fury and jealousy.

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STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

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THE number of houses inhabited, by how many families, and those uninhabited, are thus calculated :—

HOUSES.			
	<i>Inhabited.</i>	<i>No. of Families.</i>	<i>Uninhabited.</i>
England	1,472,870	1,727,520	53,965
Wales	108,053	118,303	8,511
Scotland	294,553	364,040	9,537
Total	1,875,476	2,269,863	67,013

The whole national income has been estimated at 132,470,000*l.* according to the following table :—

	<i>£</i>
From rent of lands - - - - -	20,000,000
From rent of houses - - - - -	8,500,000
Profits of farming, of occupation of land -	6,120,000
Income of labourers in agriculture -	15,000,000
Profits of mines, canals, collieries, &c. -	2,000,000
Profits of merchant shipping and small craft -	1,000,000
Income of stockholders - - - - -	20,500,000
From mortgages and other monies lent - -	3,000,000
Profit of foreign trade - - - - -	11,250,000
Profit of manufactures - - - - -	14,100,000
Pay of army, navy, and merchant seamen -	5,000,000
Income	

Income of the clergy of all descriptions	-	2,200,000
Judges and all subordinate officers of the law	-	1,800,000
Professors, schoolmasters, tutors, &c.	-	600,000
Retail trades not immediately connected with foreign		
trade or manufactures	-	8,000,000
Various other professions and employments	-	2,000,000
Male and female servants	-	2,400,000
		<hr/>
		£132,470,000

From this table may be formed a calculation of the amount of national capital :—

	£
Value of land at 20 years purchase	312,000,000
Value of houses at 20 years purchase	170,000,000
Manufactories, machinery, steam engines, &c	20,000,000
Household furniture	42,500,000
Apparel, provisions, fuel, wine, plate, watches,	
and jewels, books, carriages, and other articles	40,000,000
Cattle of all kinds	90,000,000
Grains of all kinds	10,600,000
Hay, straw, &c.	6,600,000
Implements of husbandry	2,000,000
Merchant shipping	12,800,000
The navy	6,000,000
Coin and bullion	24,000,000
Goods in the hands of merchants, &c.	16,300,000
Goods in the hands of manufacturers and retail	
traders	20,000,000
	<hr/>
	£1,272,800,000

Mr. Pitt, in the year 1795, estimated the total landed property at 750,000,000*l.* and the personal property at 600,000,000*l.*—Making a total of 1,350,000,000*l.*

The difference in the proportion of inhabitants to a house, between some towns and others, is from 9½ which occurs at Plymouth, to about 5¼ or 5, which occurs at Gloucester and Hereford, to 4¼ at Worcester.

The late enumeration has ascertained also the proportion of males and females. It has long been known that more male children are born than female. The registers of baptisms for twenty-nine years stated 3,285,188 of the former, and 3,150,922 of the latter; which is about the proportion of 104 to 100.

A LIST OF THE CHARACTERS PERFORMED BY MR. GARRICK, CRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

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1741	1	<i>Richard III.</i>	In King Richard III.
	2	<i>Clodio</i>	Love makes a Man.
	3	<i>Chamont</i>	Orphan.
	4	<i>Jack Smatter</i>	Pamela.
	5	<i>Sharp</i>	Lying Valet.
	6	<i>Lothario</i>	Fair Penitent.
	7	<i>Ghost</i>	Hamlet.
1742	8	<i>Fondlewife</i>	Old Batchelor.
	9	<i>Costar Pearmain</i>	The Recruiting Officer.
	10	<i>Abcan</i>	Oroonoko.
	11	<i>Witwoud</i>	The Way of the World.
	12	<i>Bayes</i>	The Rehearsal.
	13	<i>Master Johnny</i>	The School Boy.
	14	<i>King Lear</i>	King Lear.
	15	<i>Lord Foppington</i>	The Careless Husband.
	16	<i>Capt. Duretete</i>	The Inconstant.
	17	<i>Pierre</i>	Venice Preserved.
	18	<i>Capt. Brazen</i>	The Recruiting Officer.
	19	<i>Captain Plume</i>	The Recruiting Officer.
	20	<i>Hamlet</i>	Hamlet.
	21	<i>Archer</i>	The Stratagem.
1743	22	<i>Millamour</i>	The Wedding day
	23	<i>Lord Hastings</i>	Jane Shore.
	24	<i>Sir Harry Wildair</i>	Constant Couple.
	25	<i>Abel Druggier</i>	The Alchymist.
1744	26	<i>Macbeth</i>	Macbeth.
	27	<i>Regulus</i>	Regulus.
	28	<i>Lord Townly</i>	The Provoked Husband.
	29	<i>Biron</i>	The Stratagem.
	30	<i>Zaphna</i>	Mahomet
	31	<i>Sir John Brute</i>	The Provoked Wife.
	32	<i>Scrub</i>	The Fatal Marriage.
1745	33	<i>King John</i>	King John.
	34	<i>Othello</i>	Othello.
	35	<i>Tancred</i>	Tancred and Sigismunda.
1746	36	<i>Hotspur</i>	King Henry IV.
1747	37	<i>Fribble</i>	Miss in her Teens.
	38	<i>Ranger</i>	The Suspicious Husband.
	39	<i>Chorus</i>	King Henry V.]
1748	40	<i>Jaffier</i>	Venice Preserved.
	41	<i>Young Belmont</i>	The Fondling.
	42	<i>Benedick</i>	Much ado about Nothing.

749	43	Poet	} Lethe.
	44	Drunken Man	
	45	Frenchman	} Irene
	46	Demetrius	
	47	Iago	Othello.
	48	Dorillas	Merope.
1750	49	Prince Edward	Edward the Black Prince.
	50	Horatius	The Roman Father.
	51	Romeo	Romeo and Juliet.
	52	Osmyn	The Mourning Bride.
1751	53	Gil Blas	Gil Blas.
	54	Alfred	Alfred.
	55	Kiely	Every Man in his Humours.
1752	56	Mercour	Eugenia.
	57	Loveless	Love's last Shift.
1753	58	Beverly	The Gamester.
	59	Demetrius	The Brothers.
	60	Dumneris	Boadicea.
754	61	Bastard	King John.
	62	Virginus	Virginia.
	63	Lusignan	Zara.
	64	Altes	Creusa.
	65	Don John	The Chances.
	66	Achmet	Barbarossa.
1755	67	Don Carlos	The Mistake.
1756	68	Leontes	The Winter's Tale.
	69	Athelstan	Athelstan.
	70	Leon	Rule a wife and have a wife.
	71	Lord Chalkstone	Lethe.
	72	Don Felix	The Wonder.
1757	73	Wilding	The Gamesters.
1758	74	Lysander	Agis.
	75	King Henry IV	King Henry IV. Part II.
	76	Pamphlet	The Upholsterer.
	77	Marplot	The Busy Body.
1759	78	Heariley	The Guardian.
	79	Periander	Eurydice.
	80	Mark Anthony	Antony and Cleopatra.
	81	Zamti	The Orphan of China.
	82	Oroonoko	Oroonoko.
1760	83	Loversmore	The Way to keep Him.
	84	Æmilius	The siege of Aquileia.
	85	Sir Harry Gubbin	The Tender Husband.
1761	86	Oakley	The Jealous Wife.
	87	Mercutio	Romeo and Juliet.
	88	Posthumus	Cymbeline.
1762	89	Sir John Dorilant	The School for Lovers.

Farmer

	90 <i>Farmer</i>	The Farmer's Return.
1763	91 <i>Alonzo</i>	Elvira.
	92 <i>Sir Antony Bramville</i>	The Discovery.
	93 <i>Scioto</i>	The Fair Penitent.
1769	91 <i>Ode</i> , on dedicating a Building &c. to Shakspeare.		

FRAUDS OF APOTHECARIES.

TO THE PHYSICIANS OF DUBLIN.

GENTLEMEN,

IN presuming to address you on a subject of equal importance to your individual interests and to the welfare of that community which places so just and honourable a confidence in your wisdom, I flatter myself that I have undertaken a task of which the necessity will be a sufficient justification. Engaged as the greater proportion of you must necessarily be in the exercise of an arduous and laborious profession, there are many abuses in the minor branches of medical practice with neither your habits nor engagements afford you an opportunity of observing. It cannot be expected that a physician who has passed through the regular and multifarious routine of medical education should be acquainted with the sensible properties of drugs, or be so well versed in the practice of experimental chemistry as to be capable of detecting the various artifices of pharmaceutical adulteration. It will not be improper, therefore, for a student who has not yet passed the period of academical probation, but whom accident has afforded the benefit of pharmaceutic experience to call your attention to the numerous and deplorable imposition by which your exertions in the cause of humanity are rendered unavailing, and the health of the community is endangered.

When I assure you that there are few chemists shops in Dublin, in which any valuable medicine prepared according to the direction of the Pharmacopeia, or preserved in an unadulterated state, can be procured but at the personal command of a physician, I am asserting a fact, of which the truth is as undisputable as the enormity

is flagrant ; and when I add that the mode in which the directions of the Pharmacopeia are evaded, and by which the most important articles in the catalogue of medicine are adulterated, is such as often to render the effect of a prescription diametrically opposite to that which was intended by the physician, no arguments need be adduced to convince you how much your fame and fortune as individuals is interested in the reformation of abuses, so extensive, and so infamous.

Of many of the substitutions and adulterations I shall present you with the regular formula at a future opportunity, and as they are already known to all who feel any pecuniary interest in such knowledge, no danger can arise from their more extensive publication. In the mean time the following list will at once enable you to judge of the truth of my assertions, and assist your patients to determine what reliance can be placed, in the present state of Pharmacy, on the judgment or experience of any medical adviser.

BALSAM OF COPAIBA. This balsam when genuine is of a golden yellow colour, and of a fragrant but rather sickly odour, which bears not, however, the least resemblance to that of turpentine or pitch. It costs the chemists on an average of every five years about five shillings a pound, and they contrive to sell it at the rate of one shilling for an ounce ; not content, however with this moderate profit, they usually substitute for the genuine balsam a mixture of yellow resin, oil of turpentine, and oil of olives. This mixture, with costs about eleven pence per pound, is generally of a dark amber colour, its smell is like that of a mixture of pitch and turpentine, it usually has an empyreumatic odour, and on being digested in spirits of wine becomes turbid, and deposits a considerable sediment, while the genuine balsam immediately forms a transparent tincture.—It may be easily conceived what are the effects of resin and oil of turpentine as restoratives.

The **POWDER OF PERUVIAN BARK** is nothing more than the triturated particles of the inert ligneous matter that remains after its virtues have been extracted by decoction, or infusion ; so that the patient who fancies he is taking a specific for an ague, is merely

ly oppressing his stomach by a load of indigestible matter. When this is not the case, the purchaser may at least be sure that in every ounce of what is called Peruvian Bark, there are three drams of almond powder, or five of galangal, guicum, and turmeric.

Of RED PRECIPITATE, in its best state, one half is RED LEAD; and of the white precipitate, three fourths, or sometimes the whole is *white* lead. On the last form of adulteration the common profits of the shop are two thousand four hundred *per cent.*!

OIL OF ANISEEDS. Very few mothers are aware that in every six drops that they foolishly give their children for a cold, there are more than four of melted wax, olive oil, hogs-lard and spermaceti.

POWDER OF RHUBARB. This is always mixed to the proportion of about one half, with turmeric and jalap. The latter of these drugs is dearer than the English rhubarb, but its assistance enables the adulterator to mix a large proportion of inert substances without taking away the effect of the compound as a cathartic. Of the dangers that may arise from this substitution, the physician alone can form a proper estimate.

JALAP in its turn is generally compounded of what is called P. D. elecampane, guaiacum-wood, and scamony.

COLUMBA ROOT, AND AUGUSTIA BARK are very conveniently adulterated with gentian; the hydrargyrus sulphuratus ruber, or vermilion, when sold for medical purposes, is generally mixed with red lead; and to every ounce of musk there is usually added an equal quantity of powdered honey.

The red spirit of Lavender is not, as might be supposed distilled from the herb of which it bears the name, but is a common tincture of pimento and red sanders, or coccineal in proof spirit. The Elixir of Vitriol instead of being a compound, an aromatic tincture, and an acid, is a mere infusion of logwood chips in diluted sulphuric acid; and oil of cloves, of which the efficacy depends entirely on its pungency, is commonly diluted with three times the quantity of olive oil, tinctured with turmeric or alkanet.

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The tinctures are almost uniformly made with proof spirit so that from those of which the efficacy depends on the solution of a resin, no advantage can be expected, especially as the most valuable ingredients are either entirely omitted, or substituted by others that possess the same sensible properties, but are cheaper, or more easy of suspension in so weak a menstruum.

In the ointments no regard whatever is paid to the directions of the Pharmacopeia. Wax is only employed when it cannot be dispensed with, and the place of spermaceti is supplied, as far as propriety will admit, by suet or hog's lard.

Such is a very imperfect catalogue of the artifices by which the most judicious advice is rendered ineffectual, and the happiness of society is sacrificed to the emolument of certain unprincipled individuals !

You are well aware that it is seldom in the power of a physician to have the medicines that he prescribes prepared by his own apothecary ; and even if the contrary were the case, the advantage would be comparatively trifling. A very small proportion of the stock of an apothecary is purchased at the Hall, and the greater number of those who are engaged in this branch of the profession are as liable to be deceived as the most ignorant of their customers. The mode of adulteration among the druggists is so uniform, that an apothecary gradually learns to consider the preparations of the shop as the standards by which to judge of every medical article ; and if he were to receive an unadulterated powder or a compound that had been prepared according to the directions of the Pharmacopeia, he would probably return it.

You have a power still vested in your hands, by which the abuses that I have ventured to point out may be partially restrained, if not entirely corrected. It is to the expediency of an immediate and inflexible exercise of this power that I now beg leave to solicit your attention. The objects that may be accomplished by your decided interference, are of too much importance to yourselves and the community, to be tamely sacrificed to indolence or timidity, and if you delay much longer to assert your authority, the period is not far distant when it will no longer be admitted.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that before the expiration of

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another month you will pay an inquisitorial visit to all the vendors of medicine, and that you will order such simples as are adulterated or decayed, and such compounds as are not prepared according to the *Pharmacopœia*, to be burned or destroyed. It is by this means alone that you will be able to give effect to your endeavours for the perfection and reformation of the present system of pharmacy.

In a future letter I shall take the liberty of calling your attention to abuses of a nature still more flagrant than those which have formed the subject of the present address. In the mean time it may not be improper to submit to you the necessity of impressing on the mind of every individual who may have occasion for your professional assistance, a due conviction of the deplorable evils that may result from an extemporaneous purchase of any article of medicine at the shop of the apothecary.

I am, Gentlemen, with respect,

Your friend and pupil,

Dublin, March 16, 1810.

A MEDICAL STUDENT.

We think it necessary to observe that the above letter seems much overcharged—indeed we should hope that some pharmaceutical correspondent will demonstrate its untruths.



ON WOMEN.

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It cannot be denied, that the intent of nature in creating women has principally been to consecrate them to the employment of mothers. All their qualities seem to announce this sacred destination, and few of their imperfections to hinder its being accomplished. In fact, we may remark, that those errors of inadvertency, of levity, of frivolity, of want of consistency in their ideas, disappear as soon as the object in question is their offspring. There are few women who, when they become mothers, do not lose some faults, and acquire some virtues. The change which takes place, at this moment, in the head and heart of a young woman, is one of the most interesting subjects for observation. Is she a coquet, susceptible and carried away by her passion? In a word, has she ever made a slip? The moment in which she hears the first cry of her infant seems to touch a new chord within her, which renders
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the rest more obscure and less powerful, which, by a pleasing and prolonged vibration diffuses a sudden charm throughout every part of her being ! The least pure of women is then more mother than mistress ; and if the husband and the lover arrive at the same time, the first look is cast upon the father ; love cannot obtain it, and is astonished to see his ascendancy suspended.

It is in the maternal sentiment that women shew a persevering ardour. I have seen women, who could not endure the slightest fatigue, remain an entire month, and whole months, at the cradle of their infant until its death. Agitated by the fear that its spirit might take its flight, they seem to arrest it by their looks, which they cast upon the already cold body. An inexplicable circumstance ! I have seen fathers sink under this fatigue, and, almost always in this case, vigour, combined with greater indifference, yield to weakness, supported by excess of sensibility.

With respect to myself, I am of opinion, that women are entitled to equal rights with ourselves. In common with us, they possess the qualities of honour, reason, wit, courage, perseverance, and patience ; and their importance, which unites us, is equal to our own. Let us then be convinced of our errors respecting them. Who are those beings whom we thus oppress ? Their breast sustains and nourishes us ; their hands direct our earliest steps ; their tender voice teaches us to lipe our first expressions ; they wipe away the first tears we shed ; and to them we are indebted for our earliest pleasures. Nature seems to have confided man to their continual care. The cradle of infancy is their peculiar charge, and their kind compassion smooths the bed of death.

To the Editor of the Panorama.

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SIR,

ALTHOUGH you have expressed your intention of rejecting extracts in general, through motives which must be satisfactory

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to your readers, I am of opinion that a partial deviation from your plan would, in some instances, prove commendable; and, without derogating from the originality of your work, be the means of introducing much valuable and interesting information. Upon this presumption I am induced to offer you my assistance, and, as I have the occasional use of an extensive and well-stocked library, I flatter myself it will be in my power to select a variety of matter, both edifying and amusing to many of your fair readers, who in consequence of their domestic avocations, may not have had leisure, or opportunity, to extend their literary researches beyond the common-place topic of the day. Should my plan meet your approbation, I shall continue to supply you regularly with a few pages, from the works of eminent authors, which will neither discredit your publication, nor, I trust, be deemed unworthy of the place they occupy; especially as I do not wish you ever to exclude, on their account, any original communication of merit. On these conditions I entertain no doubt of rendering my "Repository" acceptable, both to yourself and your numerous correspondents.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c. SELECTOR.

THE REPOSITORY; No. 1.

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ORIGIN OF THE MEMORIALS OF WRITING.

M. D'ISRAELI, in one of his excellent works, gives the following curious account of the progress of this useful and elegant art, collected from the literary history of France. "The most ancient mode of writing was* on *cinders*, on bricks, and on tables of stone; afterwards on plates of various materials, on ivory, and similar articles. In the book of Job, mention is made of the custom of writing on stone, and on sheets of lead. It was on tables of stone that Moses received the law, written by the finger of God himself. The Gauls, in the time of Cæsar, wrote on tables, but of what they were composed is not known. This manner of writing

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Query.—Should not this be *with cinders*?

we still retain, in respect to inscriptions, epitaphs, and such memorials as we are desirous should reach posterity.

"These early inventions led to the discovery of tablets of wood, and, as cedar is incorruptible, because of its bitterness, they chose this wood for their most important writings. Hence arose the celebrated expression of the ancients, when they meant to give the highest eulogium of an excellent work, that it *was worthy to be written on cedar*. The same reason which led to a preference of cedar to other trees, induced men to write on wax, which is incorruptible from its nature. St. Isidore of Seville testifies that the Greeks and Tuscans were the first who used wax to write on; they wrote with an iron bodkin, as they did on the other substances we have noticed; but the Romans, having forbidden the use of this instrument, they substituted a *stylus*, made of the bone of a bird or other animal; so that their writings resembled engravings: they also employed reeds, cut in the form of pens.

"Haude observes, that when he was in Italy, (about 1642), he saw some of those waxen tablets, called *pugillares*, and others composed of the barks of trees, which the ancients employed in lieu of paper, which was not then in use; for paper is composed of linen, and linen was not then known. Hemp was known, but not used: Rabelais, who wrote about 1540, mentions it is a new herb, which had only been in use about a century; and, in fact, in the reign of Charles VII. 1470, linen made of hemp was so scarce, that, it is said, none but the queen was in possession of two shifts.

"In the progress of time the art of writing consisted in painting with different kinds of ink. This novel mode of writing occasioned them to invent other materials, proper to receive their writings. They now chose the thin peelings of certain trees, plants, and even the skins of animals, which were prepared for the purpose. The first place where they began to prepare these skins was *Pergamus*, in Asia: this is the origin of the Latin name from whence we have derived that of parchment.

"The Egyptians, on their side, employed, for writing, the bark of a plant or reed, called papyrus, a specimen of which is
preserved

preserved in the British Museum; formerly they grew great quantities of it on the sides of the Nile. It is this plant which has given the name to our paper, although it is composed of linen. The Chinese make their paper of silk; they also write on large broad leaves of a plant, from which we probably have termed the printed pages of our books, leaves:—the palm was most in use for this purpose.

“Before the use of parchment and paper passed to the Romans, they contrived to use the thin peel which was found on trees, between the wood of these trees and their bark. This second skin they called *liber*, from whence the Latin word *liber*, a book, and our derivation of the names, library and librarian; and the French *livre*, for book. Anciently, instead of folding this bark, this parchment, and paper, as we fold ours, they rolled it according as they wrote; and the Latin name which they gave these rolls is passed into our languages, as well as others: we say a volume, or volumes, although our books are composed of pages, cut and bound together.”

THE SPANISH COMEDY.

“I AM just returned from the Spanish comedy. The theatre is painted with a muddy light blue and dirty yellow, without gilding, or any kind of ornament. The boxes are engaged by the season, and subscribers only, with their friends, admitted to them, paying a pesetta each, which is almost a shilling. In the pit are the men, each seated as in a great armed chair; the lower class stand behind these seats: above are the women, for the sexes are separated, and so strictly, that an officer was broken for intruding into the female places: the boxes, of course, hold family parties. The centre box, over the pit, is appointed for the magistrates, covered in the front with red stuff, and ornamented with the royal arms; the motto is a curious one, “*Silencio y no fumar*,” “Silence and no smoking.” The comedy was very dull to one who could not understand it. I was told that it contained some wit, and more obscenity; but the only comprehensible joke to me, was “Ah!” said in a loud voice by one man, and “Oh!” replied

ed equally loud by another, to the great amusement of the audience. To this succeeded a comic opera; the characters were represented by the most ill-looking man and woman I ever saw: the man's dress was a threadbare brown coat, lined with silk, that had once been white, and dirty corduroy waistcoat and breeches; his beard was black, and his neck cloth and shoes dirty; but his face! Jack Ketch might sell the reversion of his fee for him, and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A soldier was the other character, in old black velvet breeches, with a pair of gaiters reaching above the knee, that appeared to be made out of some blacksmith's old leather apron. A farce followed, and the hemp-stretch man again made his appearance, having blacked one of his eyes, to look blind. Mr. M—— observed, that he looked better with one eye than with two, and we agreed that the loss of his head would be an addition to his beauty. The prompter stands in the middle of the stage, about half way above it, before a little tin screen, not unlike a man in a cheese-toaster: he read the whole play with the actors, in a tone of voice equally loud; and, when one of the performers added a little of his own wit, he was so provoked, as to abuse him aloud, and shake the book at him. Another prompter made his appearance to the opera, unshaven, and dirty beyond description:—they both used as much action as the actors.

“The scene that falls between the acts would disgrace a puppet-show at an English fair: on one side is a hill, in size and shape like a sugar-loaf, with a temple on the summit, exactly like a watch-box; on the other Parnassus with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon; but such is the proportion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying leap over a large ant-hill, and think he would destroy the whole economy of the state, by kicking it to pieces. Between the hills lay a city; and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded by flabby Cupids. I could see the hair-dressing behind the scenes; a child was suffered to play on the stage and amuse himself, by sitting on the scene, and swinging backward and forward, so as to endanger setting it on fire: five chandeliers were lighted with only twenty candles:

dles : to represent night they turned up two rough planks, about eight inches broad, before the stage lamps ; and the musicians, whenever they retired, blew out their tallow candles. But the most singular thing is their mode of drawing up the curtain : a man climbs up to the roof, catches hold of a rope, and then jumps down, the weight of his body raising the curtain, and that of the curtain breaking his fall. I did not see one actor with a clean pair of shoes. The women wore in their hair a tortoise-shell comb to part it, the back of which is concave, and so large as to resemble the front of a small bonnet : this would not have been inelegant, if their hair had been clean, and without powder, or even appeared decent with it." (SOUTHEY'S LETTERS.)

GENERAL BAUER,

IN 1712, when the Russian army occupied Holstein under Menzikoff, Bauer commanded the cavalry. No one knew any thing about his origin ; even his native country was almost a secret. He was then encamped near Husum. One day he invited to dinner all his brother-officers, and some other persons of distinction. When the party were assembled, he sent for a miller and his wife from the neighbourhood. Such an invitation from a commanding officer alarmed the worthy couple. But Bauer did every thing in his power to inspire them with confidence. He wished them to dine with him ; he wanted some information respecting the country.—They were seated by him at table, and during dinner he asked the miller a number of questions concerning his family. This had the desired effect, and loosed the miller's tongue. He related to his excellency, "that the mill had belonged to his father, that he inherited it as the eldest son. Two brothers were tradesmen, a sister was married to one of the same business ; and God had blessed him with a family of four children." "So you were *three* brothers," said the General,—"*There were* four of us," answered the miller, (who did not wish perhaps to rank a famous

famous soldier with millers,) "the fourth enlisted as a soldier, but we have never heard of him ; he must have been killed."

It is easy to conceive the effect this conversation produced on the other guests. But Bauer would not notice their astonishment till he could raise it still higher. "Gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "you were always anxious to know my origin. I was born here, and you have heard the history of my family." He then embraced the miller and his wife as their long-lost brother. The next day he regaled them all in the mill where he was born, made valuable presents to his relations, and sent the miller's only son to Berlin, who afterwards had the honor of propagating the name of Bauer.

THE DUBLIN SATIRIST.

Haeret lateri liliolla arundo.

IT is an observation not less trite than just, that of all cowards a bully is the most contemptible. Saucy and abusive when he apprehends no retort, he crouches and qualifies when he perceives a disposition to retaliate. The conduct of the tribe is the same from the retainer of the stewards to the pamphleteer upon the garret, from the vender of scented soap upon Ormond Quay, to the tuner of Piano-fortes in * * * * street. Such is the Dublin Satirist. Impertinent and vulgar, it acquired insolence from impunity, and calculating upon the apprehensions of the citizens, it supposed that the fear of being slandered in its impure pages would restrain every pen from observations upon its tendency, or the character of its compilers. This hope on the part of *L'Infame* was natural, but knavish at the same time ; cunning, but short-sighted. It was natural for the proprietors and their artisans to conclude, that few would have the nerve to behold their characters gibbeted by the compeers of the public executioner, but it betrayed a shallowness characteristic of craft, to expect that the system of annoyance should proceed to the extent it did, with-

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out awakening indignation, or calling down chastisement. We can very easily conceive the astonishment and trepidation with which our censures were perused—astonishment that any one should dare to approach the unhollowed cavern of a gaunt and cadaverous crew, who lived upon the ruins or their fellow citizens' peace, and fed upon their mangled characters—trepidation at the dread of discovery, which would drag them to light, consign them for ever to disgrace, and, what to such beings is still more horrible, to poverty. Astounded indeed they were—darkness and distraction reigned in their council—the virtues of the Virgin Tinder-box afforded not a ray to guide them in their course, nor could the Orpheus of * * * street, with all the fascination of his art, restore harmony to the discordant and conflicting members. A schism was effected in the firm—the publication was delayed. But as low creatures, like those concerned in these vile productions, are in the habit of seizing every petty advantage over friends as well as strangers, they determined to stock the market with some newly-manufactured scandal—and accordingly published the *Satirist* under the name of the *Phantasmagoria*. The obscure and vulgar abuse, in this disgusting pamphlet, would give a temporary currency to the doggrel rhymes and stupid prose of which it consists, had not Sir Jonah Barrington, in consequence of some infamous attacks upon himself and his family, stopped the sale and instituted a prosecution against the publisher. But “the creatures were at their dirty work again,” and the *Satirist* after the lapse of a fortnight emerged under its original title from the Avernus in Mary-street. If the former numbers of this despicable pamphlet betrayed ignorance the most gross, and dulness the most profound; if we were at a loss for epithets to describe the qualities, or for terms to designate the characters of the libellers; if a copious vocabulary could not supply language sufficiently expressive of execration or contempt, how shall we endeavour to convey our sentiments of the present number, inferior in every thing, even in the tone of its scandal, to its predecessors?

We did expect that the unfortunate people to whom we gave so merciless, but so just, a castigation, in their writhing and contortions would exhaust the shambles and the stews to express their
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rage and torture against us. Accordingly almost every page is stained with bitter impotence—from almost every period is levelled some feeble and leaden dart—pointless and powerless indeed, but sufficiently expressive of anguish and dismay. The *sly Italic* is necessary for those who cannot be severe in the simple Roman letter—the pointing and the dashing, so calculated to fix and to disappoint the attention—the elision and the asterick, where more is foolishly presumed to be “meant than meets the eye”—all are put in array against us, and marshalled with the printer’s best artifice. But it is with unaffected and real concern we assert, that there is not a single sentiment, not a line in the superficial prose or doggrel complets that could bear the critic’s pen for a moment.

Would it not, for instance, be degrading our office to sit down for the purpose of criticizing a scribe who calls the words, “bravoes,” “brand,” “assassins” epithets? That he does not know the simplest elements of grammar is perfectly evident, but we were really not prepared, even from him, to hear entire *phrases* designated by the same word. Thus he calls the expressions with which the crew were stigmatized—namely, “vile wretches,” “characterless vagabonds,” and “ruffianly slanderers,” so many adjectives! This is ignorance so very miraculous, that we were completely at a loss to account for it, until we recollected the quarter from which it came. Yet these are the people who set themselves up as censors of manners and of literature. This ignorance is still more singularly marked in an attempt to quote a every common latin proverb, in which Miss Owenson herself would have scarcely failed, although not very felicitous in the exhibition of her classical attainments. Speaking of the sons of Apollo, among whom the Satirist includes himself—and of his popularity in which he is equally justified, this scholar concludes with the following phrase, *MAGNUS est veritas, et PREVALABET!* Now every school boy perceives that by no possibility whatsoever can these shocking blunders be attributed to an error of the Press. Is it not therefore, we say, distressing for any man who possesses a tincture of taste, or a spark of information, to be compelled to crucify such a blockhead? But as we said before, even a reptile must be crushed. We shall only hold the criminals a little longer on the wheel, and then give them the *coup de grace*.

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It will be recollected that in the last number of our miscellany, we suggested the causes which produced the ephemeral success of the *Satirist*, and those which accelerated its rapid decline. The one we attributed to the appetite for scandal which distinguishes all great communities, and the other is clearly deducible from the heaviness and vulgarity of the authors. But as these people deny our premises and conclusions, it may not be inexpedient to convict them out of the mouth of their own publisher, Mr. CHARLES. Thus then writes that gentleman to a certain Mr. SWAPP (we shall neither slur over nor suppress names) who, it should seem, was the entre-depot, or more properly, the broker, between the firm and the publisher, and of whom, but for his insignificance, we should have more to say.

"MR. SWAPP,

"I am damned if I know whether you or Barlow" (the Printer of the *Satirist*) "is the greatest original. I thought the plate was nearly finished by this. * * * 'Tis not you or Barlow that is to stand the brunt of abuse the publisher gets, and must put up with all, else damn the work! *Last month clearly there was a defalcation of sale at the lowest computation of five HUNDRED NUMBERS.* See what a profit that would leave! I am positive and fully convinced that if boards and bills are not tied to every lamp post on both the Bridges—it will be the last month it will be printed, &c.——Look to it speedily.

J. CHARLES.

"Mr. Swapp, No. 1, Lower Ormond Quay,

"To be given him as speedily as possible."

The foregoing Letter is not inserted for the purpose of corroborating our statement, for we have only to apply to the public for proof, and to the consumptive nature of the concern, which may be learned from every bookseller in Dublin, but in order to shew that we did not, as those unfortunate creatures insinuate, "reckon without our host." So much for the prosperity of a publication, which say the Editors, is the admiration and envy of all their competitors.

Now respecting the AUTHORS of this monthly scandal. We hinted in our last that their den was discovered, and that the gang

gang by name, would speedily be passed in review before the public. We then gave a general description of the tribe.* One, we

* Mr. Swift has mistaken our allusion. We are glad, however, that we have afforded him an opportunity to rescue his character from so foul an imputation, as that being connected with a herd of illiterate and malevolent blockheads. It is but an act of justice due to this gentleman to insert his exculpation in his own words, in order to disabuse these, if any, who might have made a mistake similar to that into which he was himself betrayed.—The following letter he has caused to be inserted in one of the public prints.

SIR,

In a Magazine of this month, called *The Panorama*, I have read a severe but merited critique on *The Dublin Satirist*; after bestowing the censure which the writers in that scurrilous publication so eminently deserve, the critic proceeds:

"But as a nuisance, however, carefully concealed, must from its nature, lead to a discovery—so has the polluted den of this vindictive and dastardly gang been discovered. Their persons are marked, and the brand is already preparing for their brows—But what can creatures like these suffer by exposure? what even by a gaol? We lament indeed that a man who should practice an honourable profession, who bears a name dear to every patriotic Irishman, should involve that name an indelible disgrace, and bring irreparable ruin on his character by lending his small knack at turning a period to a crew so blasted, by mingling with a banditti, who have all the qualities, except the courage, of braves. He surely, though not rich, does not want his breakfast—he is not under the necessity of penning paragraphs in the newspapers to encourage the sale of his *nie-nackery*, or jettonian fluid: Although he may write a nasty lampoon or pointless satire on the bar, he surely cannot expect to share much profit on the sale of a filthy pamphlet, upon which four or five hungry wretches must feed. It is shocking to think that a man educated like a scholar, in the habits, if not with the feelings, of a gentleman, should enrol himself with the most worthless and the meanest of mankind."

This insinuation, which its author should have been well persuaded to have been just, before he had ventured to make it, may, or may not, be applied to me; but I had rather err by assuming a publicity which may not belong to me, than that my silence should imply acquiescence in such an accusation.—I "practice an honourable profession;" I "bear a name which is dear to every patriotic Irishman;" and general as the first may be, the latter part of this description is too particular to attach to many; therefore, though I have never written "lampoon or satire" of any kind,

we said, was a *tuner* or a *maker* of musical instruments, who availed himself of his introduction into respectable families, for the purpose of retailing scandalous anecdotes. Now although we should feel no disposition to spare this wretched man; yet when we recollect, what he seems himself to have forgotten, that he is father of a young and amiable family—we cannot prevail upon ourselves to mention his name in print. We refer him, to Mr. Charles, *his* publisher (*pars pro toto*) for the authenticity of our information.

To the second “gentleman,” however, in this firm, for they are all “honourable” men—we do not feel it necessary to observe any such delicacy. We are only ashamed to introduce a creature every way so despicable into our pages—But this is one of the mortifications a public writer must experience. In passing through the chequered scene of manners and of literature, he must necessarily encounter certain loose atoms which float upon the surface of society,

I am compelled most reluctantly to take the allusion to myself, and to presume that I am included as a “partner in the firm” of *The Dublin Satirist*.

Thus classed among “ruffians, dunces, and panders,” it becomes my duty to myself, to my profession, and to my family, to repel this injurious accusation; and I desire, Sir, in your paper to publish to my fellow citizens my instant and indignant disavowal. The name of *The Dean of Saint Patrick*: I too dearly venerate to degrade it by an association with illiterate and vulgar scribblers:—the illustrious personages whose presence adds lustre to my country, I too highly respect to join with their disloyal slanderers; my own character I too sacredly cherish to debase it with conspirators against all that is great and virtuous; and, let me add, I am too happily, too profitably occupied in my professional labours, to throw myself away on the wretched pursuits of periodical defamation.

If, however, this foul charge be *not* directed against *me*, the Editor, of the *Panorama* will do me the justice to disclaim the application; otherwise the charge, as directed against *me*, is false and unfounded. With the writers in *The Dublin Satirist*, or in the several effusions of slander which of late years have disgraced the *Irish Press*, I have no connection or acquaintance whatever; they receive from *me*, only their common tribute, from every honest man.—*abhorrence and contempt*.—I remain, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

EDMUND L. SWIFT.

59, Dorset-street, March 6, 1810.

society, and in brushing them away, he is often compelled to bestow the rod upon meanness, while he wonders at his own condescension in descending to chastise. It is true, we every day meet with bloated blockheads, and hair-brained pretenders; but we allow them to proceed upon "the noisy tenor of their way," without notice—if they do not happen to stumble into our course, or to seize our patience. Then indeed their insignificance is no protection—we must kick them out of our path; and if a muscle be bruised, or a sinew snapped, they have to thank their own rashness for courting the injury. We would not "break a fly upon a wheel," but should we therefore treat an adder with similar lenity? We would not criticize little King's *Sir Harry*, but if little King played Mackbeth, would he not be a fair object for observation? We should not investigate the principles or the properties of Mr. Kertland's Vestal Tinder Box; or even of his dramatic powers: but if Mr. Kertland neglected his shop, and began to look upon *Othello's occupation* as beneath his talents—if he hunted for literary fame, set himself up, not only as *Magister Morum*, but like the *Functionary* himself, as *Arbiter Elegantiarum*—if the tide of song should flow on him, like his great prototype, the Roman Satirist—and he should cry out in a fit of inspiration, *Semper ego VENDITOR tantum* † as it would be unfair to accuse him of *Jettonian Fluid*, or Godbold's Lotion, so by altering his profession he has resigned the benefits of oblivion and vulgarity, which he might hope to derive from its cultivation. MR. KERTLAND is now a public man, and by the public must he be tried. It is true his fortunes may suffer by the change—his haberdashery and ornaments for the head and bosom may remain undiminished—but an author, every shopman can tell you, is the poorest of trades—and this will prove besides, that there is such a thing as patriotism in Ireland, and that Mr. Kertland has become its martyr.

Yet

† Mr. Kertland may perceive that in this hemistic there occurs a gross violation of quantity. To say the truth the appropriateness of the substitution could scarcely reconcile us to the impertinence and obtrusiveness of the Dactyle. But Priscian's head has been broken before, as our author can testify.

Yet even under this supposition, (for the reader will recollect we are only *supposing* all this time,) we are at a loss to account for the visit which Mr. K. paid to the Lord Mayor for the purpose of exonerating himself by oath from an imputation of being concerned in a filthy pamphlet published against the Masquerade. Now this "Masquerade," was written by Mr. John Corry one of the labourers who worked upon the *Satirist*: between whom and Mr. Kertland, we shall forthwith proceed to demonstrate a close and intimate connection.

LETTER FROM MR. CORRY to MR. KERTLAND.

"Three Numbers of the Dublin *Satirist* having been published and no regular settlement of the expenditure or profits produced by the secretary, I think it requisite to declare that unless I shall be paid the Monthly sum of 4 Guineas mentioned in our *interchanged agreement* and that also a full and clear statement of the publication immediately produced by Mr. Swapp, I will resign my connection with the Dublin *Satirist*. I consider this as a formal resignation unless the above mentioned reasonable demand be answered.

J. CORRY."

ACCOUNT BETWEEN JOHN CORRY AND THE PROPRIETORS OF THE DUBLIN SATIRIST:—

1810. Received at different times for producing an extra Sheet of original matter for the Dublin *Satirist*.

From Mr. WM. KERTLAND,	-	-	-	-	£ 3 19 7½
From Mr. KERTLAND,	-	-	-	-	1 2 9
From Mr. SWAPP, (the Runner and Spy,)	-	-	-	-	2 0 0
From Mr. KERTLAND,	-	-	-	-	0 19 7½
From SWAPP,	-	-	-	-	1 0 0
From SWAPP,	-	-	-	-	2 5 6
From KERTLAND, (borrowed,)	.	.	-	-	1 2 9
From KERTLAND, (borrowed,)	-	-	-	-	1 0 0
From SWAPP,	-	-	-	-	2 5 6

It is unnecessary to multiply the items, but the reader may rest assured that the foregoing is a faithful copy of certain transactions between the workman and the employer. We shall subjoin a memorandum at the bottom in Mr. Corry's hand-writing.

"Due

"Due by Mr. Kertland for Number four, £4 11s—
"for the guinea and the pound I consider a remuneration for hav-
"ing written matter for half a sheet and upwards of No. 4."

Well—Mr. Kertland, how do you feel now? very comfortable, no doubt, and quite unconcerned. Aye, but why did you deny the thing so flatly? Why did you call earth to witness your innocence? why were you upon the point of appealing to heaven to attest your purity? It may not be always convenient, nor is it always expected, that a literary production should be owned; but there is nothing more contemptible and cowardly than to shelter one's self under a rank falsehood. It is always better to endure the consequences of indiscretion, than to be detected in meanness. In the one case, though you may not excite pity, nay though the public feeling may be hostile, you have the satisfaction of reflecting that, whatever be your guilt, you have at least acted like a man—in the other, you cannot look into your own bosom for consolation.—Scorn points his slow unmoving finger at you as you pass—Contempt dogs you at the heels; and we are told by one of the first of modern philosophers,* and nature witnesses the justice of the observation, that the sense of disgrace is indelible. But these sentiments, we fear, Mr. Kertland will not understand. This we cannot help; we write, however, to the public and not to Mr. Kertland. We are sorry indeed that in exemplifying an important theorem, we have been necessitated to stoop so low, but he flung himself in our path, and we are told by moralists sacred and profane, from Socrates of Athens, to Mr. Bourne of St. Andrew's Parish, that man may learn a lesson from the dullest weed that vegetates, and from the meanest reptile that crawls upon the earth. It is true that the terrors of a public execution are principally addressed to the needy, the ignorant and the vicious—however awful the sensation it produces upon the feeling, the virtuous, and the understanding portion of the community, it does not speak to their apprehensions, or alarm their fears. In like manner this exposure of Mr. K. is not addressed to men of sense or respectability, — it is written to the needy, the ignorant, and the vicious scribbler—to the creature
who

* Hume—Essays.

who will villify virtue to procure himself a breakfast—who will write in spite of nature, and who, himself in the practice of the most grovelling vice, will presume to lift his pen against the honesty of his neighbour's character, or the honor of his neighbour's wife. But ruin has encompassed this man "round about"—and "we war not with the dead."

It is curious to hear Messrs. Kertland, Swapp, and Corry speak of appealing to the laws, for redress, after violating the sanctuary of domestic peace, after dragging the female character to public view, after fixing a thorn in the parent's bosom, after wringing the husband's heart, and covering an innocent female with blushes and dismay. Formidable Triumvirate! but let us hear them.

"Let them who so loudly call down the vengeance of *The Dublin Satirist* recollect that any infringement of those laws on their side, will be as punishable as on ours, and we shall not be deficient in vigilance to detect and chastise our *envious calumniators*."

Not to animadvert on the gross colloquial ignorance of employing a pronoun personal as the author does in the beginning of the sentence—but after what the reader knows of the party, he will not be surprised at any blunder of this nature, and without pretending to perceive the justice which would inflict at the same time the vengeance of the pen and the punishment of the bench, we would just beg leave to ask Mr. Kertland, or Mr. Corry, what laws do they mean, whose infringement would be punishable? Is it the laws which regulate the decorums of society? is it that system which polishes the address, and modifies the deportment of civil life—which has succeeded the time when

Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.—

that which *emollet mores nec sinet esse ferus*,—is it in short the law of politeness Mr. Corry or Mr. Kertland mean, when they speak of punishing its infringement? No, they will not dare to appeal to the laws of society to pour a balm upon their wounded feeling. No; that indeed would be too much. But perhaps they mean the law of
What!

libel—What! the proprietors of *the Satirist* and *Phantasmagoria* presume to lift their heads in the hall of justice, to violate the sanctity of a judge's presence, and covered with infamy and impudence to beard twelve honest men in an open Court! Until then we shall take our leave of the Junta; and of course for ever; for there is little likelihood of their being able to make another appearance. At all events, though we are far from insinuating that Mr. CORRY or Mr. KERTLAND are of the number,

Be this our motto, this our fate,
Hated by knaves and knaves to hate.

LETTERS ON IRELAND.

LETTER IV.

You are right: this reading at first appeared repulsive enough—a long litany of barbarous names—the sanguinary annals of a savage people; incident without interest, and fiction without fancy,—such has the ancient history of Ireland been represented, and such, with a few abatements, perhaps it will be found. Still I find entertainment in the story, and the deeper I advance into the history of this good ecclesiastic, the more, with all his simplicity, or, as you would call it, shallowness, I like him. This you may attribute to the facility of my taste, for you are too polite to use a stronger and more descriptive term. Be it so: or trace it, if you please, to a revival from that enui, which I hope is bidding me an eternal farewell. Recovering from that collapse, in which I was left by your stimulant and high flavoured writers, I can partake of none but simple fare. Fastidious as I was to affectation, to sickness, nothing could please but splendid paradox, political metaphysics, or declamatory verse—but the colours faded—the glare lost its artificial dazzle—at length repetition from ceasing to delight, began, like other high and hot enjoyments, to cloy—lassitude came on, and I have been guilty of the inconstancy of pronouncing my first literary pursuits, vanity all—and prosphorous.

But I may have immersed into the other extreme? I may have turned from those fields whose beauty invited my footsteps, and whose flowers caused my admiration, into the bewildering mazes and tangled thickets of antiquity; from the gay and level region of polite literature, to the frowning caverns and repulsive wastes, whose treacherous and interminable extent and depth are said to render the Labrador of Black Letter learning so uncomfortable, and withal so valueless. To the latter clause of this sentence I will not subscribe, but if the assertion should be even demonstrated, still would I tempt this barren heath, if not for information, *at least* for amusement. I am tired of plucking the flower that grows in every parterre; the fair one easily won is not worth possession. It is the chase, and not its object, that gives a zest to the sportsman—one fox hunt, at least to me, is worth fifty courses of Lord Rivers's best grey hounds. We know that in a few minutes *Whip* will toss the hare over his head, but we are not sure, after all our eagerness, that Reynard may not give us the slip. You may exclaim that this is an acknowledgment of the futility of my pursuit. Be it so, if you please. But if I can render it agreeable to you, to your friend G—, and, though last in mentioning, not least in consideration, to myself, I shall obtain my object. It is easy to prose against every pursuit. What, for instance, is more dangerous than to allow a boy to cultivate a poetical talent? have we not the first philosophical authority in Europe to tell us that there are no gold mines in Parnassus? It is true, Locke never travelled thither, and knew not, (every poet will tell you so,) that its waters give more delight to the human heart, than worlds of treasure. The admirer of Blackmore must feel as little of poetry, as the geographer, who read the *Æneid* merely for the purpose of following the hero upon the map. No matter, you may arraign Locke's want of taste if you choose, and prove it; but your proof will not alter the state of the argument; it must rest upon its own merits; and have we not the examples of Otway, of Chatterton, of Burns, and of some of the first names in the *Corps Poétique* to corroborate this reasoning? Then there is Grubstreet and threadbare coats, and attic stories, and a long and

ter-

terrifying et cœtera of pains, contempt and penury. Yet this is ignorant and vulgar verbiage. For it is not their poetic talent that has involved its possessors in difficulty, but their own vicious or idle habits. Their habits are either independent of the talent, or act directly against its tendency. This consideration, however, does not contribute to diminish the universal prejudice, nor can you persuade your wise men of the world, that if the lad had been brought up a tobacconist or a tailor, the case, in all probability, would not have been altered. A poet, however we may affect to hold him in contempt, is placed on an eminence—his aberrations are observed, exaggerated, and detailed with minuteness and malignity. In like manner the pedantry and dulness of many who have cultivated antiquities, and who have published elaborate and foolish essays in the *ARCHEOLOGIA*, have induced your wits and witlings to wage a war of sneers, and sarcasms, of syllogisms and silliness against the pursuit. The second of our didactic poets has led the van in this assault. Followed, quoted, echoed by an innumerable host of imitators, his couplets became fashionable, and his authority remained for a long time unquestioned. But his shining ridicule on this subject is not now of more weight than his spirited invectives against verbal criticism. Johnson and reason have extracted the sting from the latter, and the prevailing current of literature sets decidedly against his sentiments of the former. We are republishing ancient records, we are ransacking manuscript libraries—the mania—a harmless one, at least, has extended to Ireland—I have been vaccinated myself with the distemper—as you will soon perceive from the length to which my observations on Jeoffrey Keating's *History*, as well as upon other Irish *Histories*, will in all probability extend.

You may remember I gave you an account of O'Connor's preface in one of my first letters. I have learned since that this O'Connor was almost as ignorant of the text, as he is conceited and impertinent in his translation. This I can very readily believe, for although his story is full of embarrassment, geographical impossibilities and natural absurdities, he never even makes an effort to disentangle or explain his original. Nay, Mr. O'Flanagan

gan who is publishing a new translation, with the original text on the opposite page, assures us, that O'Connor has not unfrequently disguised the meaning of his venerable author, and added the grossest fooleries of his own. This is likely—but as I have no other text book, I am compelled to comment on the work, such as I find it, and such as it has been accepted by the natives of Ireland for the last century.

LETTER V.

KEATING'S HISTORY.

I AM likely to be somewhat copious in my account of this History, more copious you may think than the subject deserves, perhaps more than I think it deserves myself. But if it merit examination at all, the examination should be ample and accurate.

Of the mere titles of old books, of *bibliopolitical* descriptions of their height, depth, and density, of the hands they have passed through and the fortunes they have seen, we have had not a sufficiency indeed, but a tolerable sample. But Irish literature would be too jejune for a mere descriptive catalogue. The end of my page would terminate my subject. Not like the harvest of British literature, Ireland yields but a scanty crop, and every ear must therefore be collected to make a show. Then I wish to make you thoroughly acquainted with my subject, and to invite your foot into this comparatively untrodden soil, or rather, as you are a man of genius, George, to save you from the drudgery which I experienced, I will be your index to fables and to facts, to tradition and to record. Compare, decompose, digest; the world waits with impatience for the results of your investigation.

Doctor Keating's preface is polemical; an unpromising preliminary in an historian. In truth, towards the conclusion this honest ecclesiastic informs us, although not in the word, that his history is apologetic—that although he was of English blood himself, and *of course*, not prejudiced against the English, he was nevertheless

vertheless moved at the calumnies which were so unsparingly heaped upon his unhappy country, and by a worthy effort of his pen, was resolved to relieve the national character from the aspersions which were so industriously propagated, and to rescue the venerable antiquities of Ireland from ignorance or perhaps from total oblivion. The motive was praiseworthy, the execution singular : but the design has failed. Nay, it has produced more ridicule, and indeed more sarcastic skepticism against Ireland and her antiquities, than Geoffrey of Monmouth or even Milton himself has been able to cast upon the fabulous history of our own country.

The preface commences with an ugly, though somewhat apt simile about a beetle, which passes over perfumed meads and flower-gardens unheeded, and lights upon a more attractive dunghill. Such, says Doctor Keating, are the maligners of the Irish name and nation ; they regard nothing glorious or magnificent which her annals present, but fasten with delight on every trait of barbarism or ferocity which they can find. Before he has concluded his preface, the doctor repeats this simile again, and to tell you a secret, I am rather inclined to be of his opinion. English writers, particularly, have always misrepresented and abused this country. In this and in many other respects we have been the most ungenerous of conquerors. But let us accompany doctor Keating in his review, and try how he has refuted the calumnies that have been preferred against Ireland.

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, as you anticipate, walks in the van of Ireland's literary enemies. I have not yet read his book ; but from the extracts which the honest doctor gives, he seems to be a most false historian of Irish affairs, and a most irreverent contemner of Irish antiquities. Shame upon you, Gerald Barry ! Welshman as you were, why should you not have a fellow-feeling for the lovers of old stories, and the hunters of pedigrees ? But it seems that no people must be descended from Adam but the Welsh, and it has moved Gerald's wrath that any man in Ireland should presume upon ancestry so remote. But this is not all : he positively asserts that the renowned king Arthur held Ireland in chieftry, that all the kings thereof did him homage—Now how does doctor Keating rebut this charge upon
the

the honor of his country? Why instead of saying that *by all accounts*, Arthur had enough to do at home, he carries war into the enemy's country, and roundly asserts that it was the brave Irish who forced Agricola to build his famous wall—that it was they encouraged and led on the Picts, and that it was the terror of their name and arms that prevented Agricola from sending a legion into Ireland! To be sure, *Tacitus* does not mention this circumstance, but the historiographer Daniel does—whose authority is further supported by Speed. Besides *Tacitus* was a Roman, and Agricola was his uncle—two strong circumstances against the authenticity of his history.—But if Rome can boast of a *Tacitus*, Ireland has her Cormac Mac Cuillinane. The latter states the fact, though the former is silent. *Utrum horum major accipe.* Can you hesitate?

But the malice of a certain Mr. Morrison is still more insufferable; he asserts that the Archbishops of Canterbury exercised ecclesiastical jurisdiction over Ireland. This touches our venerable clerk in a tender point—he denies it as stoutly as Gerald himself did the authority of a certain English bishop. He admits indeed that the Danes, when they formed a settlement in Ireland, were very willing to submit to a foreign ecclesiastical yoke, if it were only for the purpose of annoying the natives, and that accordingly, Anselm, Laufranc, and Rodolph did exercise a kind of jurisdiction over the barbarians; but positively denies that it extended farther than the *Danish Pale*.

Keating replies to many other absurdities of Cambrensis by absurdities almost as glaring. An extravagant assertion of the Cambro Briton is met by one as extravagant on the part of the Anglo-Irishman. Barry, although his latinity is infinitely above the par of the age in which he lived, is a vile story-teller. Keating's moral character is more respectable; but the Welshman was happier in talent, in fortune, in country and in language. He has given the tone to succeeding generations of writers on Irish affairs, and to do them justice, though they may not be always conscious of the imitation, they have not disgraced their prototype. Even the Irish writers themselves, of late, (Doctor Ledwich, &c.) have light their torch from the lamp which hangs upon

Barry's

Barry's tomb, and they have indeed been so liberal and candid as to abuse their native country with as good a grace as any Englishman of us all.

Doctor Keating next takes up the pen against the Herculean authority of Strabo. You know that this geographer stigmatizes the Irish as Anthropophagi. I verily believe that Strabo errs grossly, and that it would be easy from analogy and even from history to demonstrate the falshood of his assertion. But what does Keating do? You'll marvel at the happiness and ingenuity of his device. Strabo, he says, was misled by the story of a certain princess called *Eithney*, who having been left nearly an infant by her parents, was nurtured upon children's flesh by her guardians, in order to accelerate the period of her puberty! The very mention of the circumstance proves, says the doctor, that it was by no means common. So much for the calumny of Strabo.

POETRY.

ODE.

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

OBEDIENT to thy sacred sway,
Come, gratitude, inspire my lay:
Nor spurn me from thy view;
For never flow'd one more sincere,
Tho' far beneath the strain appear
To worth exalted due:

But that enlarg'd, that noble mind,
Which are the few of human kind,
Indulgent heav'n bestows;
Her Grace of Gordon yet may deign
To cast a placid eye serene,
Where truth unbidden flows.

High rais'd above each sordid art,
Thine is the candid gen'rous heart,
To guile oblique estrang'd;
Firm, steady, of perception clear,
Without profession, yet sincere,
In doing good unchang'd.

Thus

Thus erst superior to her throne,
 Palmyra's queen, Zenobia, shone,
 In beauty's charms array'd;
 Sense, learning, dignity, and ease,
 Combin'd to captivate and please,
 Fier luster far display'd.

There under thy embow'ring shade,
 The friendless youth, and loneleft maid,
 Secure a refuge find,
 To shield them from misfortune's dart,
 Contempt, that wounds the sorrowing heart,
 And want's inclement wind.

How many bask'd in fortune's rays,
 Ascribe to thee their summer days,
 And gratitude proclaim!
 In various climes, o'er many a coast,
 Or parch'd with heat, or chill'd by frost,
 What blessings hail thy name!

In private, or on life's gay stage,
 Who can alike all hearts engage,
 For courts and country fit.
 Thine, lively converse, taste refin'd,
 Each happier talent of the mind,
 Bright fancy, judgment, wit.

Still may calm wisdom be thy guide,
 With contemplation by her side,
 And philanthropic love.
 May thus be pass'd thy setting days,
 Conducted by religious ways,
 To bow'rs of bliss above.

C — V — R — M.

THE HAPPY COUPLE.

I will kill thee,
 And love thee after.

Othello to Desdemona.

LET SHAKESPEARE be each lover's creed,
 For he a woman's heart could read,
 And to the fairest thus did say:
I'll kill thee first, and love thee then!
 And surely ninety times out of ten,
 'Twould be by far the safest way!

No pouting fits, or feuds, or jars,
 Long lectures or domestic wars,

Shall

Shall in his quiet house be heard;
Peaceful in bed he'll pass the night,
And whether in the wrong or right,
He's sure to have the *last*, last word.

All things his gentle dame will bear,
Except what he so well can spare,
A race of little brats you know!
And then the gods, in purest love,
Will say, "*Why* take this man above?
He has a *Heaven* now below!"

Hence let us mark sweet Nature's child.
Who sang her charms in "*wood-notes* wild,"
And cry when we're on love intent,
I'll kill the first, and love thee then!
So shall it chance to mortal men,
That they may love and not repent!

REFORMATION.

The following verses were written on M. des E——, who in his old age affected to boast of his reformation from his former debaucheries:

Des Barreaux ce vieux débauché,
Affecte une réforme austère:
Il n'est pourtant retranché,
Que ce qu'il ne sauroit plus faire.

IMITATED.

Des Barreaux impotent and old,
Assumes a very solemn brow;
The man is alter'd we are told,
How much reform'd we cannot know.

When reformation thus begins,
With legs so weak, and eyes so dim:
Tis doubtful if he quits his sins,
Or if his sins have quitted him.

WAR AND LOVE.

ALL must recollect how the *Moore of Venice* describes the sort of *witchcraft*, which he used to gain the love of *Desdemona*.

The

The battells, sieges, fortune
That I have past.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
These things to hear,
Would *Dendemonia* seriously incline.
I did consent
And often did beguile her of her tears.
My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs,
She lov'd me for the dangers I have past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

I summon this recollection for the purpose of gratifying many of your readers with a striking coincidence in thought, which I find in Wither's *Epithalamia*. I think it a most interesting and delightful picture.

SOULDIER, of thee I ask, for thou canst best,
Having known sorrow, judge of joy and rest;
*What greater bliss, than after all thy harms,
To have a wife that's fair and lawful thine,
And lying prison'd 'twixt her ivory arms,
There tell what thou hast reap'd by powers divine,
How many round thee thou hast murdered seen,
How oft thy soule hath been neere hand expiring;
How many times thy flesh hath wounded been;
Whilst shee thy fortune and thy worth admiring;
With joy of health and pittie of thy pain,
Doth weep and kisse, and kisse and weep again.*

CURIOUS BILL.

The following is, positively, a literal copy of a bill delivered by an English shoe-maker to a gentleman of considerable property, who has the original framed and glazed.

Esq. D—le, to John Wotton, Dr.

			L.	s.	d.
1796.					
Dec. 4.	Clog'd up Miss	-	0	0	10
	Mended up Miss	-	0	0	2
	Heel tapt, bound up Madam	-	0	0	11
1797.					
Jan. 7.	Toe-tapt Measter	-	0	0	8
					Feb.

Feb. 20.	Turn'd up, clog'd up, mended the maid	-	0	1	6
	Heel-tapt Measter	-	0	0	3
	Lin'd, bound, and put a piece upon Madam		0	4	3
March 5.	Stitching Miss Kitty	-	0	0	3
	16. Soling the maid	-	0	0	8
April 4.	Tapping Madam	-	0	0	6
	13. Putting a piece on Measter	-	0	0	2
			<hr/>		
			0	10	2

Received the contents,

J. WOTTON.

THEATRE.

FOR the last month the Theatre has been apparently, a losing game. There has been no commanding performer, and, with the exception of a few farces, no novelty. The public, of course, would not attend when there was no attraction; and night after night the curtain has drawn up to the green cushions of the pit, and to "a beggarly account of empty boxes." We have left ourselves no room to offer criticisms on the performers—and we must, therefore, be content on the present occasion to give a brief outline of the new pieces which were introduced.

The first and most successful of these is the *Foundling of the Forest*. This piece is an excellent specimen of the perfection of the *Modern Drama*. From many scenes of it we may without hesitation conclude, that if the author ever knew nature, he has completely lost sight of her in the bewildering mazes of Romance. For character, expression of sentiment, and display of passion, he has rummaged the German, French, and *Modern British Drama*—manufactories with great success. Their copies of each others patterns, he has copied again, and his theatrical tapestry exhibits the figures of men and women as unlike any human beings as any of the monstrous forms in the antique hangings of our ancestors. The principal personage of the piece is a being under the influence of inextinguishable grief. Poor Holman, who performed this *high-finished* character, is sometimes driven to contortions and wildness

wildness of gesture, so truly contradictory to every natural emotion, that we really felt for the man, whose powers of expression might suit the obsolete dramas of *Shakespeare* or *Rowe*, but are far beneath the romantic theatricals of the present day. We advise him not to dispute the palm of superiority in this line with *N. Jones*, and *Farren*, who are wonderfully improving in this species of sublimity, and do not merely "tear a passion to rags," but throw the very fragments above the clouds.

Mr. Dimond is the author of this successful piece. Our readers will perceive what sort of merit it possesses, from what we have already said. A slight survey of the plot and characters will shew that we have not *praised* it too highly. The *Count de Valmont* (Mr. Holman), had entrusted his nephew the *Baron Longueville* (Mr. Younger), with the protection of his wife and infant son, on his departure from Languedoc during the Huguenot wars. This nephew is one of the most consummate villains that the stage ever displayed. He is actuated by avarice; and in hopes of securing the possessions of his uncle, he suborns *Bertram* (Mr. N. Jones) to fire his uncle's chateau in Languedoc, and to murder the Countess and her child. The Count returns during that dreadful transaction, and witnesses the apparent destruction of all which he held dear in the world. In a neighbouring forest, through which he wanders in despair, he finds an infant. This child he rears to manhood, and then determines to marry to his niece *Geraldine* (Miss Locke). How *Geraldine* and not the *Baron* is to inherit his estates the author has not informed us; but it was necessary that we should see a little more villainy, and therefore that the Baron should have a new impulse. Love and avarice together instigate him to destroy *Florian the Foundling* (Mr. Farren). It happens that *Florian* is returning from the wars where he has gained great reputation. Strange as it may appear, the *protégé* of the Count de Valmont returns *alone and unarmed*. A French soldier in the sixteenth century, without a sword, was rather an uncommon animal. But the *modern* drama delights in *uncommon* animals. The murderers employed by the Baron trace the Foundling to a cottage in the forest, where he has taken refuge from a tremendous storm. The *Cottager* (Mrs. Williams)

has

has afforded shelter to a wretched female *maniac* for many years past. This maniac rushes between the murderers and *Florian*: among the murderers is *Bertram*, who is startled at her appearance; and, repentant before, now desists from his purpose, for he recognizes in the maniac the *Countess de Valmont* (Miss Smith). It is now apparent that *Florian* is the son of his preserver, and nothing remains but the natural termination of the piece. O! vile suggestion! A *natural* termination to a *modern* drama!—No. —Mr. Dimond knows better the *taste* of the public. From *Nature* he flies as if he was afraid of her, and, with *modern* skill contrives to tack a *truly modern* third act, without the least treat of natural interest in its composition. Of the actors, we thought Miss Smith much too natural for her part. If she continue, to act in that chaste and elegant manner, she may render this species of drama by far too fashionable. N. Jones is a fine *modern* actor, he ranted out the ravings of remorse in the newest style of impassioned expression. Farren stared through *the Foundling* as if he imagined it was necessary to look wild. His being found in a forest gave him the idea of Peter the wild Boy; and he really looked *that* character extremely well. Williams's part was a very slight sample of *modern* comic; and Mrs. Stewart still *less*, if we except some expressions bordering upon balderdash. Mrs. Williams's part was played with too much *nature* for the *modern* drama; though she possesses some *squalls* in her tones of exclamation, which *human* nature has certainly nothing to do with. The music was exactly conformable to the character of the piece.

Notwithstanding all this, however, we seldom recollect a piece that more forcibly seized upon the public attention, and that was crowned with such unmixed applause. To the energy, the feeling, and the admirable delivery of Miss Smith, this is entirely owing. Mr. Holman perpetually struck the D. in alt. of ranting, and Miss Locke was as tame and as quiet as any reasonable woman could possibly be under such circumstances.

The Portrait of Cervantes, an adaptation from the French by a gentleman of this city, would have met with more distinguished success, had it not been previously performed as a farce the preceding

ing summer. To us it appeared very amusing, and in dialogue and incident far superior to Mr. Greffulhe's specimen—the former, however, had forestalled the market, and the portrait of Cervantes wanted the first recommendation—the grace of novelty. As Mr. Hamilton appears to possess dramatic powers, we trust that he will exert them on another occasion advantageously to himself, and to the play-going part of the public.

Another amusing adaptation from a French *petit* piece has been introduced on our stage by the aforesaid Mr. Greffulhe, called a *Budget of Blunders*. This whimsical trifle opens with a view of a country ale-house, the sign of the Bell, where Dr. Smugface is discovered discoursing with a waiter: we are soon given to understand that he is the suitor of Sophia, who is secretly enamoured with Captain Belgrave. A servant delivers a letter to Dr. Le Blancour, who keeps a house for the reception of lunatics, situated near the Bell.

Old Growley and his ward Sophia are discovered at a table, where the proposed union between Sophia and Dr. Smugface is mentioned by Growley, and opposed by the Maid, who certainly delivers her opinion with a freedom scarcely allowable in a domestic.

When Growley leaves the chamber, a sound of drums and fifes is heard in the street, and the maid intimates that a regiment is marching through the street; to which it is probable that Captain Belgrave may belong. In her trepidation she drops some utensil out of the window, which is supposed to have struck the captain, who enters the chamber in anger; but is immediately soothed, on beholding his beloved Sophia. A noise is heard; and the Captain, to avoid being discovered, puts on the cap and *robe de chambre* of Growley. Old Deborah now enters, and announces the approach of a Gentleman, who proves to be Dr. Smugface. He addresses the presumed guardian of his Sophia with a letter of introduction; but not receiving an articulate answer, supposes Mr. Growley to be in an apoplexy, and runs out for a surgeon. In this interval Captain Belgrave escapes; Growley enters, and puts on his cap and gown, but is scarcely seated in his chair

chair when Dr. Smugface comes in, attended by Doctor Le Blancour, and they proceed to bleed Growley, when Le Blancour discovers his mistake. In the consternation that ensues, Growley suggests to Dr. Le Blancour that Smugface must be a patient of his, who had recently jumped out of the Doctor's window—a circumstance which the French Physicians had previously made known.

A plan is now laid to surprise Smugface, which produces some merriment. After a variety of comic incidents, Smugface is discovered sleeping in a chair, having had a soporific administered to him by Le Blancour, with the Frenchman and Growley cautiously watching his symptoms. At length he recovers his senses, and frightens his companions, but eventually escapes from a window into a garden, where he is much alarmed on hearing Captain Belgrave scaling the wall to meet Sophia. Here the Captain mistakes Smugface, in the dark, for his servant, who had neglected to obey his orders, and chastises him; then the Captain and his mistress escape through the garden-gate, and the Maid enters with a bonnet and shawl, and puts them on the unfortunate Doctor.

Growley, on hearing a tumult, comes into the garden, and is alarmed at the appearance of Smugface; when the Captain and Sophia enter, and an *eclaircissement* takes place, by which Smugface resigns his claims, and the lovers are rendered happy.

This is certainly one of the most laughable farces, we ever recollect to have witnessed. Lewis as the French doctor was very amusing—but we do not think that Williams and W. Farren made as much of their parts, as they should. Johnson we should prefer to the latter as Smugface.

Is he a Prince? another fantastic and laughable trifle by the aforesaid Mr. Greffulhe has been produced by Mr. Crampton, and possesses precisely the same species of amusement. It produced much laughter and was well received. Mrs. McCullogh's dress was most admirably *outré*, and Mr. Fullam's acting was most excellent and natural.

But neither these trifles, nor the foolish pantomimes which were "got up" so expensively seem to please the public. If the

GREAT PUBLIC FUNCTIONARY, or his Viceroy Mr. Crampton will not bestir themselves, they must soon draw upon the overflow which Mr. Braham left in their treasury. We are given to understand that Mr. Cooke is engaged *for a few nights*. Why have we not some eminent performer as a *fixed star*? Mr. Wheatly is the only tragedian we have, and we are absolutely without a representative, male or female, of genteel comedy—except Miss Walstein, who, however clever, is not general. Miss Smith is a fine actress, but no comedian. But in our next we mean to give a detailed review of the entire *Corps Dramatique*.

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THEATRICAL BABBLE.

MODESTUS has written a long letter to us, on what he calls "*Theatrical indecencies*," which is itself too indecent to print.—Speaking of the dress or undress of the female performers, he conjures Mrs. * * * to wear more clothing about her neck and shoulders, and not so seduously to endeavour to inflame the passions of the spectators." If we had not reason, from the general character of the latter, to believe that the author is serious, we should think that he meant some quibble on Mrs. * * * name, but, as it is, we can only pronounce Mr. *Modestus*, one of the most inflammable, tinder-hearted; gun-powder-passioned, beings, in existence!

Mr. Elliston is about to apply to the House of Commons, for a licence to *speak* at the *Circus*. If he fails in that project, we recommend him, before he plays *Macbeth* again, to get an *Act of Parliament* to make him able to sing.

In a London print, are some lines addressed by M—to *Mrs. Mountain*, each of which pays her a compliment turning on her name—the following is the most delicate—

"Pure the stream that from the *Mountain* flows"

A *Manchester* correspondent ("*Factotum*") writing to us about Mr. Farren says, "If you suppose that we admire his tragedy, you're much mistaken—we are too good judges of *fustain*."

O. P. joke. Sheridan condoling with Mr. Kemble on the riots, the latter said he had a hope that the trial, Clifford v. Brandon, would end them. For my part, replied S., I see nothing in your *hope*, but an *ailch* and an O. P."

Mr.

The following we copy from a London Newspaper without yielding it any credit.

Mr. Kemble went at the beginning of Dec. in a chaise and four to the seat of Lord Salisbury, to consult him about his troubles. Being announced, his Lordship came down stairs to him, and after hearing his complaint, said, "Mr. Kemble, I am no longer Chamberlain, as you know, and if I were, I should give you no advice. At present, I have a party of friends dining with me, and must take my leave. You are probably fatigued; if so, I beg that you will go into the butler's room, and take some refreshment." Saying this, he rang the bell and retired.

SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

BEFORE these sheets come into the hands of the reader the fate of the present ministry shall have been decided. It will be seen whether an administration which consigned so many of our countrymen to an inglorious grave, and which brought such lasting disgrace on the arms of England, are still to enjoy the confidence of parliament. We are rather inclined to think that they will. In which case, to use the language of the Edinburgh Review, government will not be acquitted, although the parliament may stand condemned. At all events, we shall not discuss a subject which is already as trite as the preamble of a petition, upon which no new light can be thrown, and above all, upon which there does not exist the slightest difference of opinion. Upon its mismanagement, the ignorance of the ministry, the unfeeling apathy with which they heard of the pestilence that raged among their unfortunate countrymen, and the deep disgrace to the character of these islands—there is, their cannot be a second opinion—out of the house. Within, however, the case seems to be different.—But we shall not anticipate.

Having never cherished a hope of the ultimate success of the Spanish cause, we have perused the recent intelligence from that country with more regret than disappointment. The kingdom, with the solitary exception of Cadiz, has submitted to Joseph, and all the blood that has been shed has flowed in vain. The campaign has been terminated almost in a month and one

of the fairest portions in Europe, a nation represented as enthusiastic, united and resolved, has after some half a dozen struggles, submitted to the yoke. Surely we have been told some falsehoods relative to these Spaniards. The gossiping London Prints and their miserable echoes in Dublin have been abusing the public ear upon the state of Spain. Their enthusiasm—their resolution for sooth—where have these qualities been evinced? How have they operated? Their enthusiasm has been a hatred to France, mingled with the rankest superstition; and their resolution consisted in scraping together from “all the kingdoms of Spain” three armies which were unable for three months to crush Marshal Ney, and which, on the appearance of the Conqueror, were dissipated like chaff before the wind. We do not mean by this statement to depreciate the cause for which Spain was *originally* armed; we do not mean to arraign the principles of the sacred insurrection on which she acted—but either this cause was not so heartily felt, this insurrection was not so general, or the popular effervescence subsided too soon. The fact seems to be, that we have been grossly deceived with regard to Spain as well as the people of that country themselves. They took up arms in the first instance to resist a foul national robbery—they expelled a considerable French army from the interior of their country—their union and fortitude were the theme of universal admiration—they fought well, they acted as with a single soul, until their Junta issued a decree against the LIBERTY OF THE PRESS, until their ears were disgusted, and their energies deadened by the perpetual babble, [which the ignorant priests and base nobility kept up about their “beloved Ferdinand.”] The people then could not but see, that if they were successful, they would have bled for the perpetuation of old abuses; they could not but perceive that the establishment which they were called upon to defend with “their last guinea and last drop of blood” was a system of public robbery, from the first minister of state to the meanest tax-gatherer; and that as to their “holy religion,” its preservation would consist in the maintenance of a lazy and intolerant priesthood and hierarchy, long the curse of the country, and the disgrace of civilized Europe. But their nobility—the most ancient and proudest in the world—proud indeed! yes, that kind of pride which generally

nerally accompanies ignorance and high birth—that pompous self-sufficiency, the constant companion of innate baseness ; that hauteur which can plunder the people, and pander to the powerful ; which mixes meanness with its insolence, and while it *talks* of honor, which can hold its country up to sale. Such a nobility, so opposite in every respect to ours, was that of Spain ; a mean, degenerate, and corrupt race, who lived long upon the labour of the people they oppressed ; and had the unparalleled insolence to insult, while employed in plundering. Such were the nobility for whom the Spaniards were invited to spend their last shilling, and to open their last vein. And what pledge did these nobles, this “*Corinthian Order of polished society*” give of wisdom, spirit or honor ? Was it a miserable subservency for near twenty years to a low upstart, the Queen’s Paramour ? Did not the grandees of Spain, the high blooded nobility, the proud Castilians, worship the shadow of the Prince of the Peace ? Did they not elbow each other at levies, and pimp for place and pension, like so many laquays ? Finally, did not the chief amongst them accompany a monarch worthy such nobles, and sign away their country to a man whose face they never saw ? did not this base and guilty nobility give “*their vote and interest*” to an UNION with FRANCE ? Were they not guilty of selling their country ? and had they not bargained for the price ? Was not this *Don* to receive a barony, and that a countship ? was not this man to be made a General, and the other a Judge ? Had not Don Pedro the promise of a rich bishoprick ; and was not Don Juan actually nominated as a Commissioner of the Revenue ? and did they not receive these promises and places for selling their country ? Yet it was in defence of such an order of men as these, of political exclusion, of religious intolerance, and of the most grinding taxes, that the Spaniards were called upon by their Junta to fight.—Not a word was uttered in favour of a free constitution, not a word in fine about the rights of the people, and yet the people were expected to fight—they were called upon to defend their country, when in truth they had no country to defend ; to fight for a religious system which was their bane and curse ; to follow a nobility degraded themselves, and who led them to disgrace ; to perpetuate a system of taxation, which although they possessed the mines of

Mexico

Mexico and Peru, rendered them a nation of beggars. This was the system for which the Spaniards were invoked to spend their last shilling and last drop of blood. Accordingly it is evident from the number of the Spanish army compared with the population, that the insurrection has been even more feeble than the French, by their immense armies, are willingly to acknowledge. Let it not be insinuated, however, that we view with dissatisfaction, the effort which the Spaniards have made, or that we think meanly of the valour of the troops, or the skill of their generals. The former have fought as well as an undisciplined peasantry, or a mere parade army could reasonably be expected to do, when opposed to the finest troops, our own expected, in the world; and it is no small praise to Palafox, Blake, and Castanos, that they were able to keep the field, even for a month, against generals who have been trained to victory on the Rhine, the Elbe, the Danube and the Vistula; in a word against the best generals in Europe, with the exception, of course, of the English commanders. These men have done their duty, and although they may pay the forfeit of their virtue upon the scaffold, their memory will live with honor, when the name of the wretched Ferdinand, and his base nobility will be consigned to oblivion.

Every man of sense on this side the Irish Channel, gives up the Spanish cause as desperate—but strange as it may appear, there are many men of sense, on the other, who do not choose to be convinced—men, even unconnected with the ministry, and who hold their incapacity, cabals, and wretched struggles for place in the most sovereign contempt. In this respect at least the slumber of destiny is upon her, the spell of the enchanter has locked up her senses, England will not awake. Never, surely, was there delusion of such an impervious texture, as that which the people of Britain have woven for themselves. Not only the dictates of reason are rejected with that besotted confidence which accompanies infatuation, but they are deaf to the evidence of facts: Sanguine and credulous to the last, it is in vain to address them in the language of common sense—they will not see the approaching storm, or seeing it, they do not choose to contemplate its consequences. It cannot be concealed, Englishmen are not now what they were. From a nation thoughtful and intrepid, from a nation of the first
philosophers

philosophers in Europe, and of soldiers equal to any under the sun, they have become credulous even to contempt, and sanguine to a proverb. The gossiping of an ancient lady, the prate of an unfledged student, the trash a maudlin politician, are not more insufferable, than the ingenious deceptions and well written nonsense, with which the diurnal prints of London are crowded. These prints, although some may be attached to the court, and others to the country, breathe alike the language of credulity, of folly, and of infatuation. They speak the feelings and opinions of the British people—and surely a people who voluntarily entangled themselves in the toils of delusion—who will hear no words but those “of the charmer” who will partake of no beverage undrugged by hope, who will drink from no cup but Circe’s, surely such a people scarcely deserve salvation. These reflections which it would be easy to dilate, and to colour even more gloomily than we have done, have been forced upon us by reading the various “leading articles,” of the London Prints, upon the subject of Spain, in the course of the last week.

This system of self-delusion has continued from the very first dawn of the Spanish struggle, to the eve of the surrender of Cadiz—during all the dreadful campaign of General Moore to his death; from the brilliant and sanguinary absurdity of Talavera, to the dissolution of the Supreme Central Junta; nay it is likely to last until not a vestige of the British army shall be left behind. Perhaps there was never an instance of such signal self-deception as during the retreat of Sir John Moore—that retreat which should have taught the government and the nation to appreciate the cause of Spain justly—which should have lowered their tone; and induced them to set the proper value upon the blooming balderdash of Colonel O’Carrol, and their other Scouts in the Peninsula.

The Newspaper, whose interest it is to echo the sentiments of their readers, to palter to their hopes, and to alleviate their apprehensions, seemed absolutely to expect that Sir John Moore and his 40,000 men would be able to decide the fortune of the war in Spain. First, like Captain Bobadel, he was to encounter *Soult’s* division, march, countermarch, turn his flank and destroy him—

him—Next *Ney* comes up, (we will not mind the exact order of names or of geography;) the gauntlet is thrown down, accepted, the superiority of the British Light Horse decides the day, and the Frenchman flies back upon Madrid. Then comes up *Bessieres*, he is despatched with similar promptitude and alacrity.—At last, after two thirds of the French army are destroyed, Bonaparte, himself, with the dispirited remnant, takes the field—need we mention the event? But really this is a subject too serious for badinage. It is lamentable to perceive the gudgeon-like appetite with which the people dart at every bait. Nay, like a certain fish, we are convinced that there are many amongst us, and those even who pretend to political sagacity, who will bite at the naked hook, and not perceive the error until they feel the mortal barb in their throat.

The fate of Spain is notwithstanding decided—even had not the marriage of a Princess of the House of Austria to Napoleon fixed the seal upon her slavery. Will not this awaken the people of England? But they have received an impulse from another quarter and we question not but Sir Francis Burdett's difference with the House of Commons, upon the right, exercised by the latter, of imprisoning an individual during their good pleasure, will produce a more important consequence than the event of the Walcharen Expedition, or the destiny of Spain.

Upon the state of Ireland, it was our intention to have offered some remarks; but these it will be convenient to reserve until our next publication.

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THE FINE ARTS.

In our notice of the progress of the fine arts, we have with much pleasure to mention the beautiful sculptural productions of Mr. Banks, and his arrival from Bath in this City.—This highly ingenious gentleman has been so fortunate to attain, and first introduce into Great Britain and Ireland, the art of engraving on shell in Camæo, heretofore only practiced in Italy.—Mr. Banks forms portraits in the manner of the ancient gem, which have been universally admired, and have justly obtained him the patronage of all persons of taste and discernment. We have only to say, we most sincerely wish him that success which his high talents most unquestionably claim.